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CANADA.—THE "VICTORIA" DISASTER, NEAR LONDON.—THE STEAMBOAT SETTLING AFTER THE SHIFTING OF THE DECK.
FROM A SKETCH BY F. J. WILLSON.—SEE PAGE 267.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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A BUSINESS STATEMENT.

ON the 8th of September, 1877, Mr. Frank Leslie made, for the benefit of his creditors, an assignment of all his property to Mr. Isaac W. England, the condition being that the said property should be restored to Mr. Leslie in three years—on the 1st day of January, 1881—eighty per cent. of the net profits of his business being meanwhile applied to the liquidation of the claims against him. On the 20th of March, 1879, a subsequent agreement, in the nature of a composition deed, was entered into by all but a very small proportion of the creditors, acting through their trustees and attorneys, whereby Mr. Leslie agreed to pay, and the creditors agreed to accept, fifty-five per cent. of their respective claims in full settlement and satisfaction thereof.

On June 16th, 1879, Mr. Leslie applied to the Court of Common Pleas for an order requiring an accounting from the assignee, authorizing the release of the assets held in trust by him, and praying for a citation to the creditors to attend such accounting. Such order was granted, and on August 16th, 1879, the assignee filed his accounts. Exceptions were taken to that report, and the whole matter was thereupon referred to Henry H. Anderson, as sole referee, to take testimony and report to the Court as to whether, in his opinion, the composition deed was properly executed, and as to what creditors were bound by it, etc. Pending the prosecution of this inquiry by the referee, Mr. Leslie died, bequeathing all his property to his widow, Mrs. Frank Leslie, and specifically directing that she should occupy and enjoy in his business precisely the position he had held.

Upon the probate of the will, the reference was re-opened, when, greatly to Mrs. Leslie's amazement, and to that of her counsel, Hon. Wm. Fullerton, she found herself antagonized by some of the very creditors who had been parties to the composition agreement, but who now, by the mouth of the very counsel who had prepared that document, disputed its validity and insisted that it should be set aside. Spite, however, of the extraordinary efforts of counsel—who for preparing the paper thus strangely resisted were paid out of the estate—the referee, in March, 1881, made a report fully sustaining the legality of the composition deed, and this report was duly confirmed by Judge Beach, who, in a formal order, specified the provisions for the carrying out of that deed, and for the payment to the creditors bound thereby of the balance of the 55 per cent. of their claims, and directed the assignee to forthwith render his final accounting, and convey and transfer to Mrs. Frank Leslie all the assigned estate—"property, real and personal, and effects of every nature and description remaining in his hands as such assignee." Under the terms of this order, Mrs. Leslie, on May 23d, paid to the creditors the balance of the sum due—about \$50,000 in all—which money was generously advanced to her by Mrs. Thomas Smith, and on the 4th of June the property was formally transferred to Mrs. Leslie's possession.

The business of Frank Leslie's Publishing House will henceforth be conducted under the direct personal supervision of the owner, who for a long term of years has been closely identified with its more important publications. It will be her effort, and that of her editorial and art staff, to fully maintain the high reputation which these publications have long enjoyed. Neither labor nor expenditure will be spared to keep them abreast of the demands of the times in every particular whatsoever. It is hoped and believed that the public, which has given the House so generous a support in the past, will respond no less generously to the effort to please and serve it in the future.

THE REAL ISSUE.

IF it were not for the gravity of the occasion and the dignity of the offices which are at stake, there would be something ludicrous in the spectacle enacting at Albany—with two ex-Senators playing the part of importunate supplicants for the places which they recently resigned "in a huff," and with the Vice President of the United States performing the function of stage prompter. The retiring Senators, in their letter to Governor Cornell, gave us to

understand that it was a "vindication" which they proposed to seek at the hands of the New York Legislature in the matter of their quarrel with President Garfield over the nomination of Judge Robertson. But a "vindication," to be of any value, should come as the spontaneous tribute of those who give it, and should not be wrung from reluctant hands by the arts and asiduities of a "button-holing" canvass. To fling down the Senatorial purple with an air of lordly disdain, and then to hunt for its recovery with eager quest in the corridors of the hotels at Albany, is surely not the way to inspire confidence either in the sincerity of the spirit with which a high office was resigned, or in the dignity and political worthiness of the men who would fain reclaim it by the arts of a "low and pimping politicks."

It is in this way that Messrs. Conkling and Platt have seriously added to the difficulties of their indorsement by the Legislature at Albany. In consenting to run the gantlet for re-election they put in issue not only the merits of their immediate controversy with the President, but also the whole theory of "machine politics" on which that issue hinges, and in consenting to seek re-election by the resorts of personal solicitation, they have asked the Legislature to approve that method of canvassing for the highest offices in its gift.

It should, therefore, be no surprise that an ignominious failure has thus far waited on a canvass which is conducted without the show of reason in its main issues, and without the pretense of dignity in its methods. The loss of place and power threatens, in the case of Mr. Conkling, to be followed by the loss of personal and political prestige, not only in the State of New York, but in the country at large. The mere menace of such a result, contrasted with the "pride of place" in which he has so long towered, would seem to have come very opportunely for the purpose of explaining the strange tenacity with which Mr. Conkling has always contended for the control of the New York Custom House, and for primacy in the general distribution of public patronage in the State of New York. He seems to have divined, with a true instinct as well as with a clear intelligence, that his "primacy" in politics was largely due to his primacy in the dispensation of political rewards to his friends and of political punishments to his enemies. If, in the high stations he has occupied, he had but served his country with half the ability which he brought to the discussion of tide-waiters' appointments in New York, he would not have been called, in the very prime of his political career, to fight "a losing battle" for power on these low planes of public strife, where not a single noble and generous principle of public conduct can be cited for the purpose of kindling the enthusiasm of his followers in their vulgar fray. For a "losing battle" it is, whether victory or defeat comes to men who pay more for a victory than it is worth, and who can find no consolation for their political Pavia in the thought that honor has been saved.

But we are pleased to hope that the universal good will be promoted by this partial evil of self-seeking politicians at Albany. When politicians fail out the plain and honest people may congratulate themselves on a chance for securing their rights. The office-monger's extremity is the independent voter's opportunity. The political troubles which now embrace the fate and fortunes of the Republican Party in New York come from a single source—the division of the "spoils of office." This is a schism which can in no way be so effectively cured as by casting out the evil spirit which has entered and possessed the body of the party only to rend it. The "spoils" tempter has ever proved a demon of discord—a source of weakness and not of strength. Each of the two great historical parties of the country has been called to learn this bitter truth at the cost of many misfortunes and of many mortifications. And the trouble has been that neither of the two parties has been willing to break finally and for ever with the incantations and delusions of the deceiver. They have professed faith in civil service reform only to shame their profession by the cupidity of their political practices, until, at length, the public conscience has been in danger of revolting at the whole propagandism of the "reformers" as a mere ritual of lip-service and hypocrisy. It is high time that the party in power, which made loud professions of civil service reform in its platform, should prove the sincerity of its faith by the purity of its works at Washington and at Albany. But what progress can the President make in the cause of this beneficial reform so long as he is hampered in the discharge of his constitutional functions by a group of Senators who act on the arrogant principle that they have a chartered right to dispense the public patronage in the interest of their own political fortunes, and that, in the maintenance of this right, they are set for the peace or confusion of Administrations and for the rise or fall of parties?

In the presence of this great issue, all the

minor complications of the petty strife joined between the New York ex-Senators and the President may be said to disappear. It is the far-reaching principle at stake, not the personal susceptibilities which have been aroused, that explains the people's interest in the upshot of the conflict waging at Albany; and the people will rejoice or sorrow precisely as the cause of purer political methods and stricter principles of administration shall seem to be promoted or depressed by the result of the pending conflict.

PROGRESS IN AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

WHILE it is true that within a decade there has been an increase of fully 100 per cent. in the yield of agricultural products in this country, it is also gratifying to know that our manufacturing industries have of late years also made marked progress. We are, to begin with, rapidly becoming independent of England in the matter of iron. The capital now invested in our iron furnaces is a little over \$230,000,000, against \$121,772,000 in 1870. Last year we imported considerable iron, but it was largely owing to speculation, and it is a significant fact that English manufacturers confess that they are gradually losing the American market. Railroad

building is going on at an almost unparalleled rate, but our iron and steel manufactures have become at once so cheap and so satisfactory that the imports of foreign are steadily declining. The importance of an independence of Europe as regards such an article as iron is obvious to every reflecting mind; but it is of interest to notice a few of the details that go to prove this fact. An excellent authority, for example, states the amount of capital invested in our railroads as \$4,919,387,000, and the number of miles built at 86,000. The quantity of iron and steel necessary to keep up such a railroad system as this is, of course, enormous; and the rapidity with which our railway resources are progressing is best illustrated by the fact that in 1860 there were but 30,000 miles in operation, there having been an increase of nearly threefold within the last twenty years. It is remarkable, too, what progress has been made in the manufacture of locomotives. In this field, as in most other fields of mechanical innovation, the American inventive genius is believed to be far ahead of all rivals. It is, therefore, not altogether surprising that in the competition with England in her own colonies the American manufacturer of locomotives secures 95 per cent. of the trade; nor that Russia and Norway should purchase as largely as they do.

Our cotton manufactures, similarly, are on a far larger scale than ever before; over 950,000,000 pounds of the cotton crop are now retained for manufacture here instead of being sent abroad for that purpose, and the imports of foreign cotton goods have shown a steady decrease during the last few years. Then our woolen industry is becoming more and more important, and the production of American wool and woolens is not only increasing, but the value of the imports of foreign woolens fell from \$79,500,000 in 1872 to \$57,600,000 last year. A noteworthy fact in this connection is the steady increase in the manufacture of carpets in the United States, and it seems not at all improbable, in view of the improvements already made, that American carpets will ultimately rival the finest productions of foreign manufacturers.

American clocks are now sent all over the world, and the exports even to such far-off markets as Yokohama, Shanghai and Hiogo have reached a surprising aggregate within two or three years. The many infringements, in England and Germany, on American patents for clocks, but more often their theft outright in both those countries, about which our manufacturers have been complaining so much of late, are so many compliments to American genius in this branch of invention; we are reminded anew that imitation is the sincerest flattery.

American firearms, besides being among the best in the world, are apt to be the cheapest, and the foreign trade is certainly growing at an enormous rate. Turkey took 6,000,000 rifles for the Turco-Russian war; the Greek Government has of late been sending orders here in view of possible trouble with Turkey, and Chili and other South American countries purchase our firearms. But here again American manufacturers are obliged to contend with fraud in Europe, for unscrupulous persons in Berlin and Hamburg threaten to make inroads on the trade by closely imitating our rifles.

The silk manufacture here is growing, notwithstanding the high wages that make it so difficult to compete with France, and the prejudice in favor of Japanese cocoons.

The exports of cutlery are likely to increase materially as the excellence of our manufactures becomes better known. And it was not so very long ago that a Sheffield manufacturer showed his men a pair of American shears, and offered to wager that not one of them could equal it for finish and durability. And reports of the most

gratifying progress in other manufactures are heard more frequently than ever before. We exported merchandise to the value of \$835,638,000 last year, but, perhaps, ninety per cent. was agricultural produce. It certainly behoves the United States to increase its manufactures as much as possible. One of the greatest producing countries of the earth, it may become doubly strong by a wise foresight in this particular. The prosperity of manufacturing nations is almost proverbial; and it has seldom, if ever, been the case in modern times that the producing and manufacturing interests of a country have been of equal magnitude. But as we are engaged in the solution of new and momentous political problems in this country, so let us inaugurate a new era as regards commerce, and establish it as an axiom that not only can there be on this earth government of the people, by the people, for the people, but that those who produce can manufacture, that those who have watched the harvest need not adopt the altogether foolish and unnatural plan of sending it abroad unmanufactured for the benefit of those who have so long profited by our lack of thrift and forethought, but should realize all the benefits that must accrue from production and skillful manufacture in the same country.

PROSECUTION NOT PERSECUTION.

THE effort to parade Professor Robert-
son Smith, of Scotland, as a martyr to the cause of free thought seems likely to end in ignominious failure. He is not a martyr by any manner of means, and he cannot be permitted to posture in that heroic disguise. The facts can be briefly stated: Professor Smith is an able clergyman of the Free Church of Scotland, and a teacher in the University of Edinburgh; he recently wrote an article on the "Hebrew Language and Literature" for the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," in which he took ground that the Book of Job was a poem; that the story of Jonah and the Whale was a parable or allegory; that much of the Pentateuch was mythical, etc.; whereat he was prosecuted for heresy, and tried before the General Assembly, the trial resulting in a vote of condemnation, looking to expulsion from his University chair. Instead of taking the hint gracefully and resigning, the doughty professor proposes to fight it out in an appeal to the Synod and the world.

A wild and foolish cry of "Persecution! persecution!" has arisen in response from all parts of Great Britain, and it finds a very tangible echo in the United States. There is nothing like persecution about it, and Professor Smith will prove that he is quite unworthy his fame as a scholar and a cultured gentleman if he accepts any such incense. If there were an attempt to interfere with his right to think or to speak as he pleases, it would be persecution, and all good men would rally around him. But there is no such attempt. It is simply a question of hiring a man to do unacceptable work. Professor Smith has an undoubted right to his own opinions, even if he baptize them "sacred convictions," but he has no right to impose them on people who differ from him, especially if they are required to pay him a salary besides. The question whether the views he holds are those of the Church and College, whose servant he is, is a pertinent one to be decided by Assembly or Synod; but if the verdict is against him, he should leave at once, and not plead "Persecution," for the grotesque claim that any man has a right to teach any doctrine, and to compel people not only to listen to him, but to pay him, cannot be successfully maintained. Such a doctrine would make Professor Smith the persecutor, and his auditors his victims.

We are not without cases nearly parallel in the United States. Professor Alexander Winchell, quite widely known as "an orthodox geologist," was dismissed from his lectureship in the Tennessee University because he had come to hold views somewhat similar to those promulgated by Professor Smith, and to believe, as Agassiz did, in evolution and the diverse origin of the human race. Instead of taking the manly and dignified method of resigning when concurrent objection was first filed, he made a contest and was beaten, and then posed as a martyr. He was wrong. The trustees did not require him to believe as they did; they simply requested him to let their students alone and no longer to draw a salary for teaching what a majority of the Board did not believe. It seems to us that their position was impregnable. So of the gentleman recently dismissed from the Faculty of Cornell; so of Professor Adler; so of Professor Swing, tried and condemned by his church in Chicago some years since. These, like Professor Smith and Professor Winchell, are able and talented men, and the question whether they are right or wrong in their views is quite irrelevant. The fact was that their churches did not want to hear them, or their colleges did not want to hire them; that ought to have ended the matter.

The world is wide. The world is free. It is tolerably safe, in a terrestrial sense, to be a heretic. Men are no longer persecuted for views the most *bizarre*, or even rendered uncomfortable except by that slight pressure of public opinion which is sometimes foolish and sometimes unjust, but in the long run, perhaps, wholesome. Even the heresies from Feoria is safe; and he is not so unreasonable as the other skeptics who expect those who differ from them to pay them a salary. As long as Ingersoll can denounce the Bible as the work of weak and wicked men, and allude to the Creator of the world as a phantasm of the brain without being persecuted, Professor Smith will pose as a martyr in vain. Even the Church of Scotch Presbyterianism has ceased to be a very terrible donjon-keep of orthodoxy. It is following Dean Stanley in making important concessions to the spirit of modern thought, and some of its ministers are treading the highways that lead to the Huxleyan and Darwinian territory. The Church of Scotland does not hold precisely the views it formerly did; and with the forthcoming new version of the Old Testament they may undergo some further change with the alterations of the familiar text. All we insist upon is that "advanced thinkers" shall minister to their kind; or, at least, that they shall not be permitted, under the pretense of free thought, to invade pulpits and professorial chairs where they are not wanted, and extort tribute from the purses of those who still believe in the Hebrew sages and prophets, in the holy miracles, and in the Jehovah whom John Knox loved and feared, and of whom he spoke in bated breath.

MEXICO'S MARCH TO THE FRONT.

MEXICO is rapidly striding to the front to take her place in the sisterhood of nations. Her sleep of ages has ceased, and she awakes to the sharp realisms of the nineteenth century. American enterprise has put her upon her mettle; American capital gives her confidence, and, rich "beyond a poet's dreaming" she has resolved to seize the golden opportunity, and to develop resources which will render her a factor in the power-balance of countries.

Concessions for railroads are the order of the day: telegraph lines are being pushed all over the Republic; mines exploited; precious woods exported; coffee-trees planted; fruits crossing the Rio Grande; steamers put on the Gulf—in a word, the country is "booming," and every hour adds to her progress, and as a natural sequence, to her importance. A new banking system has been approved by Congress, and a Bill passed for coining nickel and copper money. An American company has purchased a site for a monster hotel; another company has been formed for the purpose of building villas in that exquisitely beautiful suburb of the capital, Tacubaya; a third is engaged in constructing a railroad from Guadalajara—the Chicago of Mexico—to Lake Chapala, a lake that bids fair to become the sanitarium of the world on account of its wondrous sulphur springs, while other companies are being organized with a rapidity that bespeaks both the desire and the necessity for "hurrying up." Nor are we idle in the United States. If Mexico is thronged with Americans, New York is proportionally filled with Mexicans, or plenipotentiaries from Mexico, with power to treat for the sale of mines, lands, woods, etc., etc.; and one company has already been organized for the purpose of developing a commission business upon a large scale between the two republics. If Mexico can supply us with tropical and semi-tropical products, for which we are now paying such heavy import duties to other countries, and will take the products of our workshops in exchange, the trade between the countries must in time reach enormous proportions.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE event of the week abroad was the capture of the blue ribbon on the Epsom Downs by the American horse Iroquois. The prize was won under every circumstance that could add splendor and interest to the victory. The day was brilliant; the crowd was immense, with many celebrities giving it distinction; and the race was magnificent, there being fifteen starters, representing the best blood of the British turf. Iroquois won by half a length, coming in amid the wildest cheering from the vast concourse. This is the first time in the history of English racing that the chief prize has fallen to an American horse, and while the English sporting public lost heavily, the Press and people generally have accepted the result with the best of feeling. It is anticipated that Mr. Lorillard's victory will result in sending a further contingent of American racers to England.

An intimation that the British Government had determined to suppress the Irish Land League caused some anxiety last week among the Parnellites, but the statement seems to have been unwarranted. What the Government has really decided upon is to use all the powers conferred upon it by the Coercion Act to crush intimidation and put an end to the terrorism of the Land League. It is obvious that a sterner policy must be pursued if the existing disorders are to be suppressed. There have been serious eviction riots in several places. At Clonmel the soldiery were called out, and a fight with the populace ensued, in which a number of persons were injured; in County Clare there have been

riots in which both the police and populace employed guns and pistols; at New Pallas eviction writs have been enforced by one thousand police and soldiery, in the midst of great violence and uproar. The police have orders to fire two rounds of blank before opening fire with ball cartridge upon the mob. The best officers in the force, with experienced magistrates, have been sent to the disturbed districts. The police are greatly enraged, and it is feared that, in case of a serious collision, they will wreak a terrible revenge for the ill-usage to which they have been subjected in the discharge of their duty. It is reported that the Irish Catholic hierarchy are about to issue a proclamation urging the people to respect the law, pay no heed to the teachings of the League, and accept the Land Bill. But little progress has been made on the Land Bill in the House of Commons, only a dozen or so of the 1,500 amendments offered having as yet been considered. The prospect of reaching an early vote on the essential provisions of the Bill is not encouraging. Rumors of impending changes in the Cabinet are renewed, but seem to lack confirmation. It is not, however, impossible that Mr. Gladstone, whose health is far from satisfactory, may hand over the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Mr. Childers, and that Mr. Goschen will succeed the latter as Secretary for War. Parliament has adjourned for the Whitsuntide holidays.

The French Chamber of Deputies has rejected, by a vote of 254 to 186, a motion looking to a revision of the Constitution. It is predicted that the Senate will pass the *Scrutin de liste* Bill, notwithstanding the unfavorable preliminary action already had. The measure is certainly necessary if France has any real desire for electoral reform. The present system of voting by arrondissements is the source of the grossest anomalies. Thus twenty arrondissements, with a population of 660,000, return three times as many members as an equal population elsewhere, and one-half of France is represented by 317 members, while the other half has only 209.

The situation in Tunis remains substantially unchanged. Most of the mountain tribes have submitted to the French.—From Russia we learn that the Government is putting detectives on the track of Socialist and Nihilist refugees in all the principal European cities. The Czar has appointed commissioners to advise concerning the project for reducing peasants' rents. The other agrarian reforms are laid over for the present.—The Porte is endeavoring to suppress revolutionary agitation in Macedonia as well as Armenia. A step towards the fulfilment of the Greco-Turkish convention has been taken in an order directing the Turkish authorities in Thessaly to prepare for the immediate evacuation of that territory. The Turks have already begun to disarm Fort Punta, which is the first place they are to evacuate.

The Sultan, being apparently fearful that Italy will attempt the seizure of Tripoli after the manner of the French in Tunis, is sending thither the troops he had designed for Thessaly. There is so far no indication that Italy has any serious designs in that direction, but she claims to have a grievance against the Governor-General of that province in the expulsion of the alleged antiquarian expedition fitted out by the Cairoli Ministry; and since the practical independence of Egypt and the recent seizure of Tunis would make any foreign occupation of Tripoli tantamount to the annihilation of the Turkish power in Africa, it is, perhaps, not unnatural that the Porte should adopt precautionary measures. Signor Depretis, the new Italian Premier, announces that the country favors a policy of peace with dignity, but it is to be noticed that the war budget is to be increased so as to complete the reorganization of the army.

It is said that the President has decided to suspend the several Treasury officials whose names have been mentioned in connection with the lately developed irregularities in that department. If they are really guilty of misappropriating public money, their punishment should not be confined to mere ejection from the offices they have disgraced.

THE Produce Exchange handled during the year ending with May 91,000,000 bushels of grain, and had charge of \$6,074,877 deposited as margins, not a dollar of which was lost. During the year the Cotton Exchange handled in this market 561,016 bales of cotton. These statistics show very clearly the magnitude of the grain and cotton interests which centre in New York City, and the important commercial relations which the metropolis holds, in this respect, to the country at large.

THE arrival of immigrants at this port during May aggregated 76,652, the largest number ever recorded during that month and 21,569 more than during the corresponding month last year. The aggregate arrivals for the first five months of the year foot up 181,948, against 135,336 during the corresponding period in 1880. The State Legislature has passed a Bill providing for a tax of \$1 for each steerage passenger landed here by steamships from foreign companies, the proceeds to be applied to the inspection and other expenses attendant upon the reception of immigrants. The tax is to be paid by the steamship companies, and it is provided that in cases of default the vessels may be libeled.

THE reduction of the public debt during the month of May amounted to \$11,150,721. If an equally good showing shall be made for the current month, the total reduction of the debt for the fiscal year will reach \$100,000,000. The internal revenue returns continue to be large, having amounted for the eleven months of the year to \$123,443,283. The average monthly increase over like periods in 1880 has been about \$909,110. If this increase continues

during the present month, the receipts for June will be about \$11,190,877, which will make the aggregate receipts for the current fiscal year about \$134,634,160. Commissioner Raum, in his last annual report, estimated that the receipts for this year would reach about \$135,000,000.

ONE of the striking incidents of Decoration Day was the delivery of an oration at Harper's Ferry by the colored orator, Frederick Douglass, which had John Brown as its text. Twenty-two years ago, Brown was hanged for an act committed at the very point where this oration was made; then he was universally execrated throughout Virginia and the South, and the man who had dared to speak a word in his praise would have shared his fate. Now a former slave and present Federal official tells the story of the "martyr's" life to an interested audience of Southern men, and, at the close, is congratulated by the very attorney who, on behalf of Virginia, prosecuted and secured the conviction of Brown for a violation of the laws of the country. Of a truth, the world moves.

THE controversy between our Government and that of Great Britain, growing out of the outrages upon American fishermen in Fortune Bay and at other points along the Newfoundland and Cape Breton coasts, has at length been adjusted. The American claims for losses by the several fishermen aggregated \$103,000. The claim has been resisted on the ground that, under the Treaty of Washington, American fishermen had no right to ply their vocation in the bays and indentations of the Dominion shore, where the alleged outrages were perpetrated. This point, however, has been yielded, and, under an agreement made between Secretary Blaine and Sir Edward Thornton, the sum of \$75,000 in gold has been paid over by the British Government for the benefit of the claimants, most of whom are from Gloucester, in Massachusetts.

THERE seems to be no doubt that Governor Foster will be nominated for re-election by the Republicans of Ohio. He has been such a conspicuous figure in national politics, and has participated so actively in the contentions of the last year or two in his own State, that it may be doubted whether he is as strong as he was when first elected; but he is the best organizer and sturdiest fighter in the party ranks, and, with the backing of Senator Sherman, which is promised him, he can probably win against any candidate the Democracy may nominate. Mr. Sherman has gone to his home in Mansfield, Ohio, not to "look after his fences," but to enjoy a rest greatly needed and fairly earned. It is nearly fifteen years since he has lived at his home among the Buckeyes, and in these years he has made a reputation which cannot but enhance the pride with which he will be welcomed by his old time friends and neighbors.

THE Virginia Readjuster State Convention, held in Richmond, June 2d and 3d, was attended by a thousand delegates and alternates, including many colored men. The proceedings were characterized by great earnestness and enthusiasm. The platform pledges the party to the support of the free school system; declares its intention to settle the debt question on the basis of the Riddleberger Bill vetoed by Governor Halliday, and to enforce equal and uniform taxation; demands that railroads shall be compelled to give such rates, facilities, and connections as will protect every interest against discrimination; condemns the poll tax, and demands a free ballot; favors the cultivation of cordial relations with every section of the Union, and condemns social and political ostracism. The contest for the Gubernatorial nomination was short and exciting, but terminated harmoniously in the selection of Colonel William E. Cameron, the present Mayor of Petersburg. Ex-United States Senator John F. Lewis, a Republican, was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. There can be no question that the Readjusters propose to make an exceptionally vigorous fight for the possession of the State Government, and they have enunciated a body of principles which will command for them the sympathy of men of liberal views all over the country.

THE advantage of a sound and honest business administration of the Post Office Department is very clearly shown by the results of the present efficient management. Postmaster-General James has been at the head of that department only three months, and in that short time has cut off or reduced a sufficient amount of the extravagant Star service to make an annual saving of nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars, or, in exact figures, \$745,568, and this saving does not include reductions, with perhaps one or two exceptions, upon the routes which have become most notorious for fraudulent increase and expedition. Those routes are reserved for thorough examination. They were made upon routes which came under the eye of the department's officers in the course of the transaction of ordinary business. Meanwhile, the work of purging the departments of dishonest or suspected officials goes on, the Treasury officials who have passed the extraordinary accounts of the Star Route contractors being among those lately removed. The investigation into the frauds has now reached a point where the law will be appealed to, and counsel have been retained by the Department of Justice to take exclusive charge, under the Attorney-General, of the prosecution of the cases in the courts. It is said that the gentlemen specially charged with the prosecution are entirely satisfied with the evidence which has been obtained, and have no doubt that indictments and convictions will follow.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE losses to Iowa farmers this year from poor seed will amount to \$2,000,000.

THE Rhode Island Legislature adjourned, June 3d, after a session of four days, to meet in January next.

COUNSEL are summing up in the Cadet Whitaker case, which may now possibly reach a final determination.

A State Temperance Convention has been called to meet at Atlanta, Ga., on July 4th, to consider the local-option question.

THE Supreme Court of California has ordered an election in San Francisco this Fall, thus putting an end to the Kalloch régime.

Some forty persons were more or less seriously injured at Springfield, Mass., June 1st, by an explosion of gasoline in a railroad freight house.

THE Secretary of War has issued an order prohibiting the use of tobacco by the cadets at West Point. The order has not been very strictly obeyed.

THE proposed amendment to the Pennsylvania Constitution, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor, was defeated in the State Senate June 2d.

THE annual session of the National Board of Health was held in Washington last week. Among the subjects discussed was that of Louisiana quarantines.

THE President has appointed Mr. Addison Brown, of New York City, as United States Judge for the Southern District of New York, vice Judge Choate, resigned.

THIRTEEN regiments of State militia have signed an intention to be present at the Yorktown celebration, and 4,000 United States troops are also expected to be present.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce has passed resolutions asking that the civil service examinations at the Custom House be continued by the new Collector, Mr. Robertson.

THE Business Men's Moderation Society of New York City has abandoned the pledge and principle of total abstinence, and its members may now use beer, ale and light wines in moderation.

THE World's Fair movement in Boston is growing in popularity, and a committee of twenty-seven has been appointed to consider and report upon the question of a site, time and other points of importance.

THE twenty-eighth annual conclave of the Pennsylvania Grand Commandery Knights Templar was held at Scranton last week. On the third day of the meeting there was a parade of 2,000 uniformed Knights.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GORRINOR declines to take charge of the street cleaning business in New York because the new law regulating that matter distributes the duties pertaining to it in no less than five different departments, and makes efficient work impossible.

THE Treasury Department has issued a circular letter relative to excursion steamboats, in which owners and masters of vessels are warned against violating the law by overcrowding. Local inspectors are especially instructed to see that no boat is allowed to carry more than its complement of passengers.

A STATE convention of 700 Iowa Greenbackers last week adopted resolutions favoring old-time Greenback principles, and indorsing unequivocally Woman Suffrage; also committing the party to the anti-monopoly movement. Mr. D. M. Clark was nominated for Governor, with a female candidate for Superintendent of Education.

GENERAL GRANT has reached home from Mexico, where he reports having obtained all the concessions he wanted. His railway contract was all but unanimously approved by both branches of the Mexican Legislature. The road from the City of Mexico to the Guatemalan frontier and Gulf and Pacific ports will be completed in ten years without a Government subvention.

In the Senatorial struggle at Albany, last week, the advantages were all with the anti-Confederates. The highest vote received by Mr. Conkling on any ballot was 35, against 71 for Administration candidates. Mr. Platt's vote reached only 29. For the Administration candidates, Mr. C. M. Depew received 30 votes, Mr. W. A. Wheeler 22, Mr. A. B. Cornell 23, Mr. S. S. Rogers 15, and so on. The Democratic vote was cast mainly for Messrs. Kerney and Jacobs.

COMMANDER GLASS, U. S. N., now at Sitka, is suppressing the system which has existed among the Alaska tribes of making slaves of prisoners of war or of hostages held for the payment of claims for injuries. As Sitka is found in the Indian village seventeen persons of various ages held or claimed as slaves—some by purchase, others by inheritance. They were all released in the presence of their owners. Commander Glass has sent letters to the tribes in Southeastern Alaska directing the slaves to be set free at once.

Foreign.

THE agitation in Bulgaria against the proposals of Prince Alexander is growing in intensity.

A THOUSAND stocking weavers are preparing to emigrate from Chemnitz, Germany, to America.

THE dueling mania has again broken out in Paris. Last week there were three "meetings" in a single day.

A FAREWELL banquet was given in Berlin last week to Mr. Andrew D. White, United States Minister, by members of the Lower House of the Reichstag.

THE loyalists in the Transvaal report Boer outrages, and declare that if the Boers are left in possession of the country the native tribes will attack them.

A ROYAL decree will be published on the 20th dissolving the Spanish Cortes, ordering elections in August and summoning the new Cortes to meet in September.

THE Lord Chancellor declares, until the use of the Revised New Testament has been duly authorized, the use of it by clergymen of the Church of England will be contrary to law.

THE Anti-Slave Trade Society at Madrid has adopted a platform demanding the abolition of capital punishment and the immediate liberation of all the slaves in the Antilles.

THE Anglo-French Treaty Commissioners have adjourned, the French Commissioners having returned home to consult the Government on questions of principle upon which they and the English representatives are at issue.

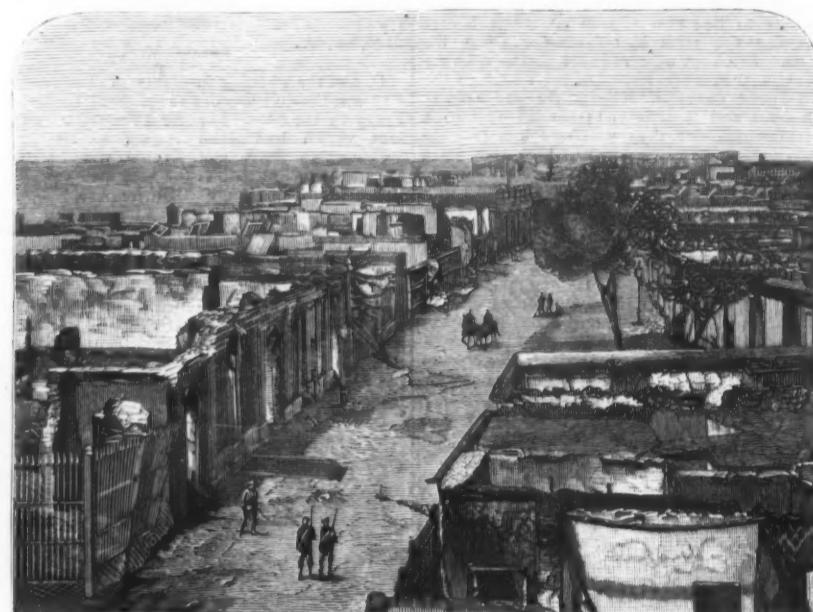
THE Confederate bondholders in London have appointed a committee to look after their interests. Their hope is that the Southern States will attempt to borrow money in the English market, and can be treated as in default, unless they recognize these bonds.

IN the House of Commons, June 2d, Sir Charles W. Dilke, Under Foreign Secretary, in giving confirmation of the announcement of the settlement of the Fortune Bay dispute, added that it had been also agreed to come to an arrangement relative to fishery regulation.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 267.



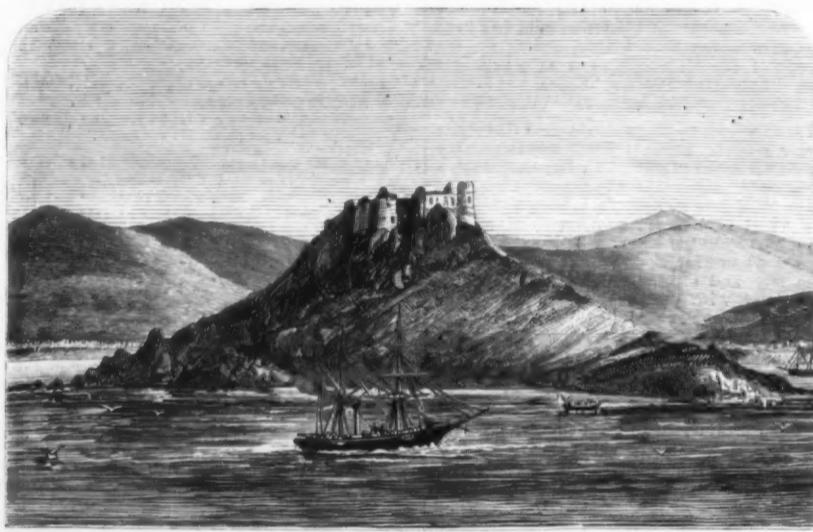
M. COUMOUNDOUROS, PRIME MINISTER OF GREECE.



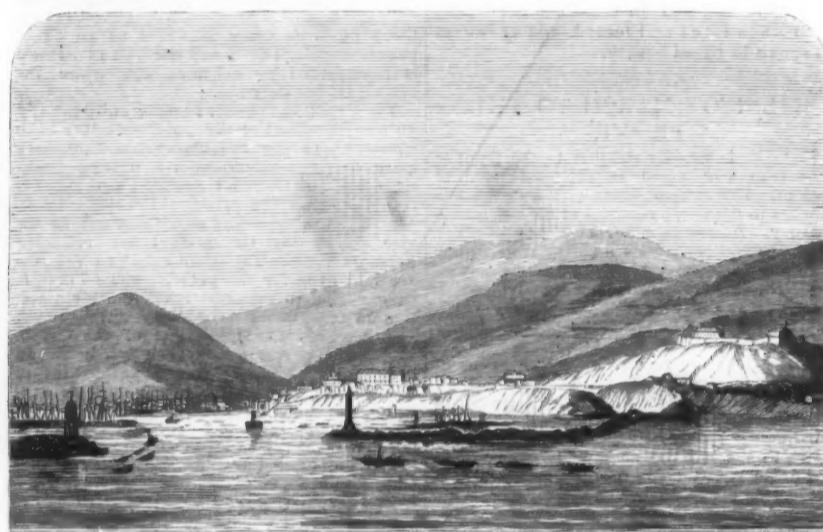
PERU.—PRINCIPAL STREET OF CHORILLOS AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.



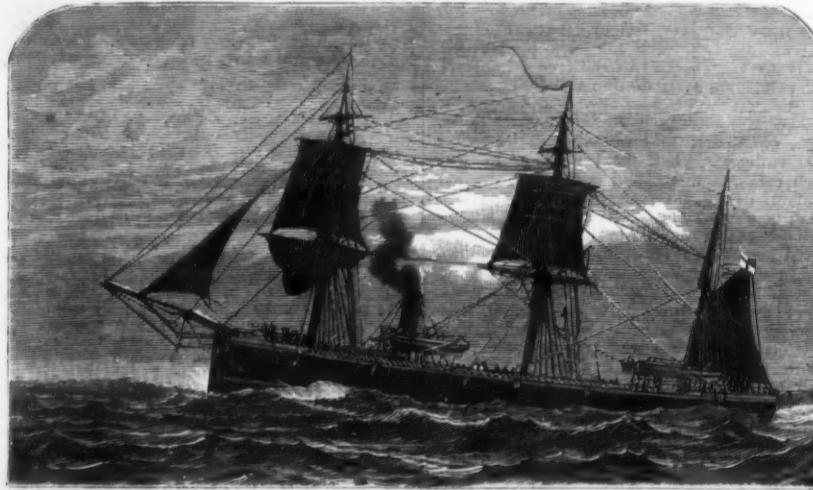
DE BOSTQUFNARD, FRENCH COMMANDER IN TUNIS.



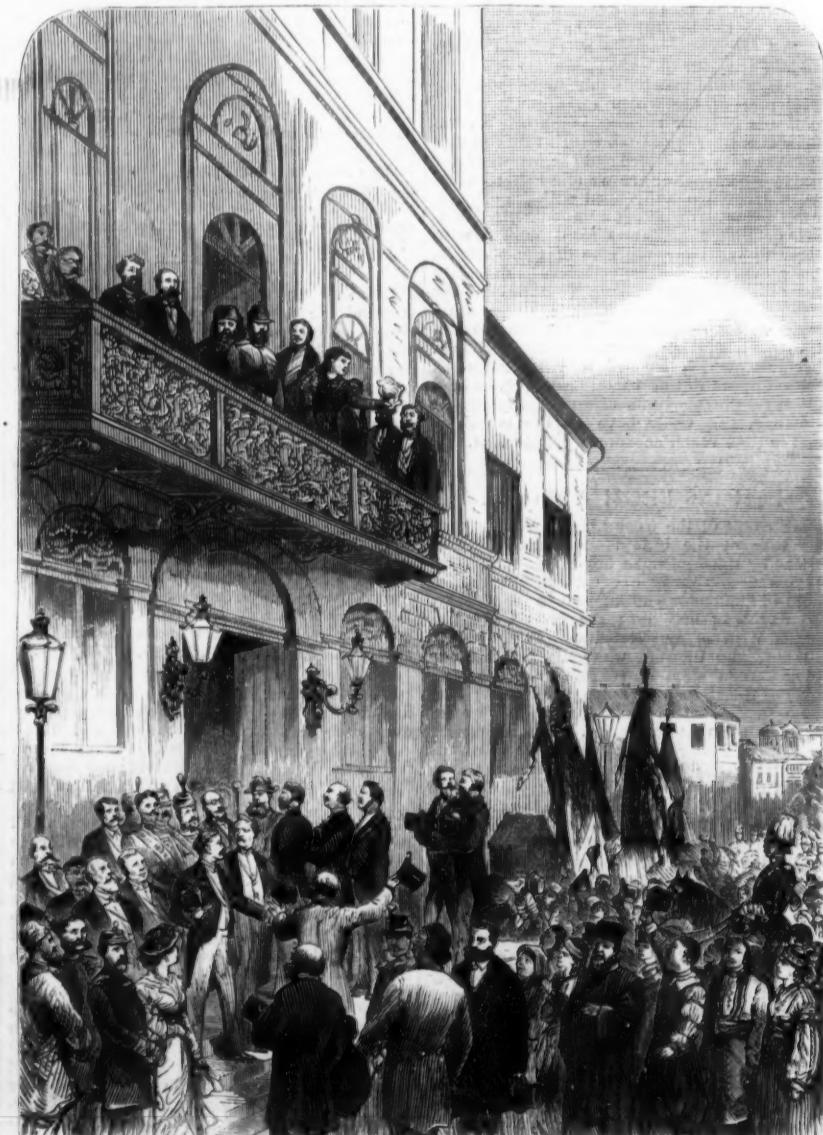
AFRICA.—THE ISLAND AND FORT OF TABARCA, TUNIS.



AFRICA.—VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF BONA, ALGERIA.



STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.—H. M. S. "DOTEREL" BLOWN UP OFF THE CHILEAN SETTLEMENT.



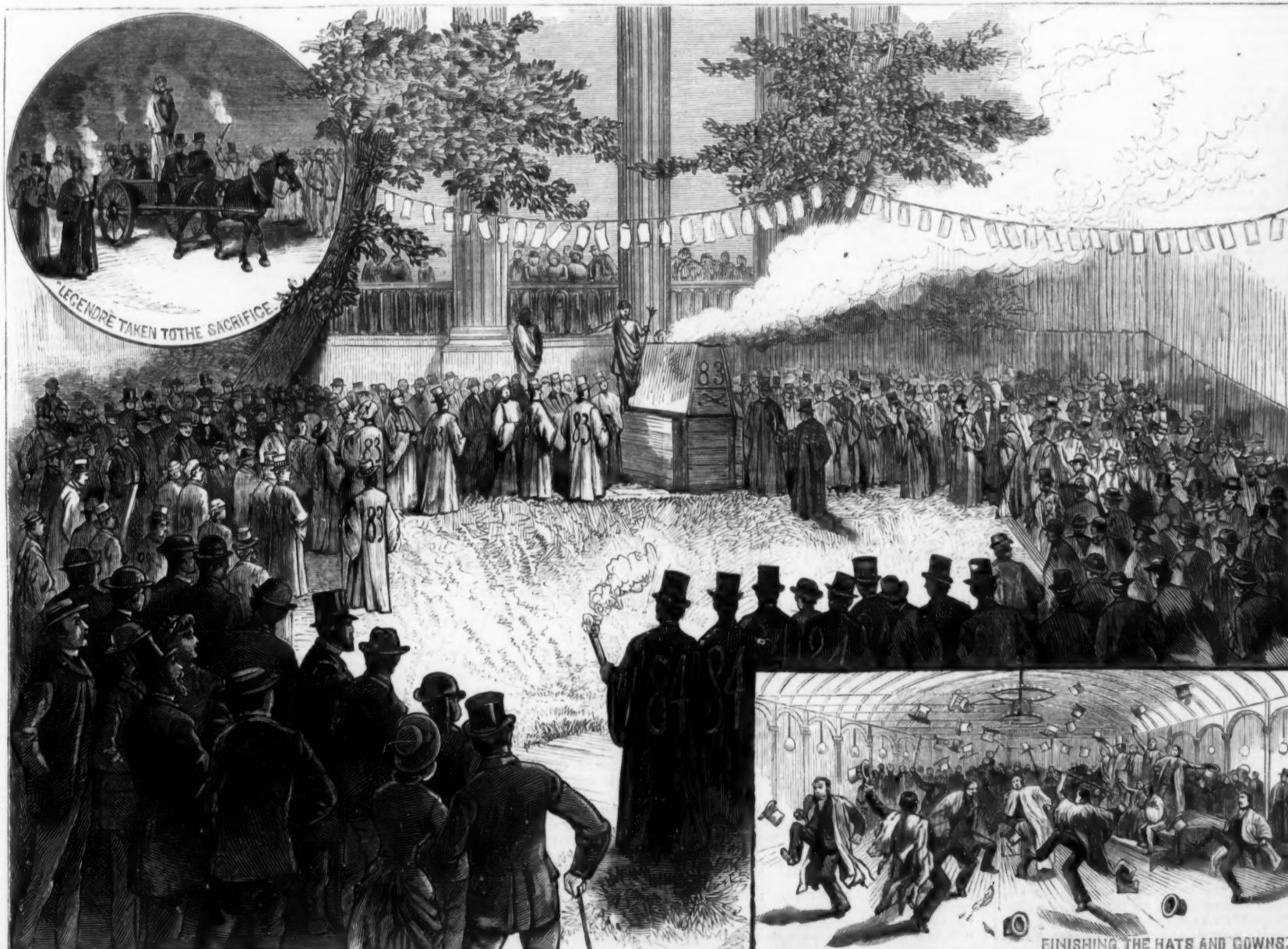
ROUMANIA.—OVATION AT THE PALACE AFTER PROCLAMATION OF THE KINGDOM.



AUSTRIA.—STATE ENTRY OF THE IMPERIAL BRIDE INTO VIENNA.



NEW YORK.—THE TRIAL OF SPEED BETWEEN MISS ELSA VON BLUMEN, ON A BICYCLE, AND THE TROTTING MARE "HATTIE B." AT ROCHESTER.
FROM A SKETCH BY BURT MILLER.—SEE PAGE 267.



NEW YORK CITY.—CELEBRATION OF THEIR TRIUMPH OVER LEGENDRE BY THE SOPHOMORE CLASS OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE, MAY 27TH.—SEE PAGE 266.

FINISHING THE HATS AND GOWNS.

THE VICTORY OF A FORLORN HOPE.

ONE morning Mark Devine found a note waiting for him on his office desk—a note without a crest, or monogram, or painted device; the paper pure white, thick, satin smooth, faintly and curiously perfumed, with the mingled odor of violets and frankincense. The handwriting was easy, with the ease of constant, yet careless practice, and the signature that of a woman rising rapidly to fame and wealth upon the ladder of her splendid mind and arduous, well-directed labor. He had known her well three years before, when she had come, alone and unaided, to pursue her career in the busy city. They had met at a pleasant boarding-house, where there was really a home element, which called forth the kindly feelings of its inmates in their intercourse. He had found her always bright, agreeable, ready of speech, full of resource—a companion much to be desired in the enforced intimacy of a transient abode. When she had found her level and taken hold, she sent for her mother, and went to her own house, and, gradually, they had drifted apart. He had heard of her of late, more and more frequently, and had partly resolved to seek her out and renew their friendship. Struggles and success had separated them, but with her, as with him, he felt sure the memory of the old days was a pleasant one, and a return to them full of pleasant hopes. Now, she sent for him. The few lines of the note ran thus:

"May I ask you, Mr. Devine, to call on me at my house on Wednesday or Thursday evening of this week? I will not detain you long, and you will find, before you leave, that you have greatly obliged
"SELMA D. BIRNEY."

Mr. Devine sat a moment balancing the note on his finger. Then he dashed off an answer, and sent it by the boy. On Wednesday evening—in June and perfect!—he was shown into the dimly-lighted, exquisitely appointed parlor of a house far removed from the tiny abode in which he had seen her last.

A strange sense of unreal yet familiar surroundings came over him. It was like a confused dream. The beauty, the luxury, the quiet elegance were hitherto unknown in any thought he ever had of her, yet, at once and for ever, they became a part of her to him.

"It is ridiculous!" he exclaimed, standing before the mantel mirror in its carved and massive frame, and looking at himself with a puzzled air. "But I could swear I would have known the room for hers anywhere." He started. She had come noiselessly in, and he saw reflected, her pale face, and fine, clear, dark eyes over his shoulder. She was not smiling, but an expression of infinite, sweet still joy struck him as he turned to her.

"You are very good, Mr. Devine," she said, holding out her hand. "Remembering your habits of old, I scarcely expected you would be at liberty upon the instant. Had you really no engagement for this evening?"

He laughed, and flushed.

"The old days, Miss Birney, were long ago. I am not quite so eager in the pursuit—of pleasure, shall I say?"

"It were truer, perhaps, to call it by another name," she said, "since the sport was often very like the boys and the frogs, and the pleasure all on one side. Sit down, and tell me, to begin with, what became of the dark little beauty I left you raving about?"

"She—" Mark paused, looked doubtful, caught her eye, with its subtle gleam of mirth, and answered, hurriedly, "She is married, I think. Yes, I am quite sure of it. But I have not heard of her for a year."

"Yet I thought that really 'the love of your life' Has it not found you yet? No!" as he shook his head in comical depression. "But I must spare you. How easily one falls into old habits, and takes up another's life where one laid it down! Tell me all about yourself before I enter upon the object of our meeting. Tell me everything, as you used."

She asked it easily enough, but he found it impossible to comply. The pale face and the dark eyes, the small white hand and its dull heavy ring of barbaric gold were the same he had studied in his hours of idle chatter and half-romance, half-confidence. But there was something more here than of old. The self-possession, the sense of power exerted and acknowledged, the graceful poise of the stately little figure, the perfect yet unique, taste of the simple, yet costly, toilet, were new to the Selma Birney he had known and counted a "first rate friend." He was used to women, spoiled and petted by them as he had ever been, but to night there was an unknown field before him, and he knew it. To pour out, as he used, all sorts of confidences, rhapsodies, confessions and excuses, was a thing impossible, indeed. There was in his hostess a hidden power that moved him to strange new desires and aspirations, that appealed at once to the higher nature he had almost ceased to think of as his; that awoke him to earnestness and self-respect in a way that thrilled him. In the conversation that followed he was at his best. Skillfully, steadily, she led him on from one topic to another, never directly touching upon his own life, but drawing out his opinions, flashing light into his thoughts, putting into words half-formed resolves, rendering clearer and clearer fair, yet stern, aspects of duty against which he had often closed his eyes. And always, it was himself, not his companion, who, apparently, prompted speech and ennobled thought. An exhilaration of mind, such as he had not known for years, pure and exalted, grew upon him, and was evident in his sparkling, fearless eye, his animated words, his full, soft, resonant voice. Miss Birney sank into the embrace of her bamboo chaise-lounge and watched him eagerly, breathlessly, despairingly, with glowing eyes and quivering lips. When he ceased there was silence. Miss Birney roused herself and sat upright.

"I promised not to detain you," she said, in

a slow, clear voice, that he knew must be the result of an effort for self-control, and at which he wondered. "I must keep my word and proceed to explain my motives for requesting this interview. You do not know them, and you will, doubtless, find them a surprise and shock. I intend to be perfectly frank with you. Let me ask one favor of you. Do not speak to me until I have told you all. Promise me that!"

"I promise," said he, gravely and briefly, awed by her manner, her pallor, and the pathetic sadness of her eyes.

She bent her head a moment on her hand and he saw it trembled. Then she raised it suddenly, looked him full in the eyes, and said:

"In less than three months I shall be in my grave. Unless I am restored to health by a miracle; there is no hope of escape, no hope of reprieve. I have known it now three months and two weeks, and am used to the thought almost! I have made all arrangements as far as is possible. I am gathering up the loose ends and frayed-out purposes day by day, in the effort to leave my life work perfected as far as it has gone. There is not much to regret in taking leave of all. Except for the happiness I never had, I cannot mourn."

She paused, as though choosing the words wherewith to proceed. Mindful of his promise he sat silent and horror-struck, studying her face. Her eyes had fallen, and he saw a sudden faint, swift color flash into her pallor as she thought.

"The happiness I never had!" she repeated, softly. "Mine has been the saddest life possible for a nature such as mine. I have stood always at the gate of Paradise, dumb and chained, while others passed in before my eyes to waste the fruits for which I hungered and thirsted, to trample on the beauty that mocked for ever my longing eyes, to destroy wantonly the temple upon which I prayed night and day to be allowed to labor in its building up. I have been poor—vilely poor—so poor, I wanted the plainest necessities of life, and yet my tastes and my desires could only have been satisfied by the most perfect, the most refined, the daintiest of art's productions. That was mortification of flesh and spirit. It was a long-drawn agony. And it is only ended when it is too late. I have been ill and in pain so many years, that I forget the very sensation of rest and ease; and all the time I have been sternly, unflinchingly, rigidly forbidden the quiet and the absence of toil that would have made my burden lighter. I have the fondest nature, the most passionately tender heart, and it has never known one thrill of happy love. Maddened, agonizing, defiant, I have reached the very verge of that world, respect for which, or, rather, the proud determination that it should respect me, would have kept me silent as long as I held any part or lot in it. There is nothing now to hold me back from asking for the one thing on earth precious to me beyond all words—I mean—your presence."

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Over and over he recalled their past, weighing each word and look and tone of the years gone by against the ever-moving memory of the hours just ended. It was wonderful how many things he could bring forth from the shadows to confront the light. Sometimes he thought he grasped a new meaning in sentences spoken, and forgotten by him at the time. Sometimes he recalled words and careless actions of hers that turned such fancies into irritations at his own folly. But make what he would of it, he could think of nothing else than Selma Birney until he presented himself before her at the earliest permissible hour of the next evening.

This time he watched the door eagerly, and saw her come floating down the long staircase and through the curtained arch all in white, and scarce less colorless. She met him with a timid air in spite of her cordial greeting, and during the whole visit was so far removed, in her pleasant grace and cheerfulness, from the agitated woman of the previous evening, that he could not recur to the thoughts he had nervously combated all the day. She was certainly charming. Her conversational powers had always been fine, and study, practice, the desire to please those superior to herself in years and honors, had so improved them as to render her the rival of the much-vaunted "talkers" of history. There was about her, moreover, that witchery of personal attraction some women possess to the never-ending confusion and ruin of men, and others—a gifted and glorious exception, few in number—make use of to lead them on to the best of which they are capable. To be near her was pleasant in itself, Mark felt. He left her, pleased with himself and her; elated, he knew not why, and hoping, he knew not what.

It would be a needless task to track Mark Devine through the slow advance of the two months he counted, at last, hour by hour. Daily he grew in strength and tenderness, in nobleness of thought and pure ambition as the wonderful nature of this woman opened before him. In one of their earliest interviews she had begged that nothing might be said of the future. "I have said all I need to make you understand. Let me be something more than a charnel-house memory when all is over for us. There is another side to death, Mark! That will fit itself naturally to the best life we can live here." From that time no direct allusion to her approaching death was ever made, but in a thousand and one nameless ways he was aware that the thought of it was never absent from her mind, and that she constantly labored and planned with it in vain. Yet she seemed very, very happy. A quiet look of sweetness and voice and manner grew upon her, a charm that every one felt lighted her eye and rested on her lip with each smile. And Mark Devine loved her with a very agony of love. It tore his gay, proud heart with storms of passionate sorrow when away from her, and sent him hungering and despairing to learn the joy of her dear presence anew, and add yet keener pangs to the consciousness of his approaching wreck.

The last day of the two months came and passed. The last day of the two weeks that were to have seen the end was over. The full three months had drifted into the abyss of time, and still Selma Birney lived. More than that, the color had come into her soft cheeks, and strength she had not known for years into her fair rounded limbs. Mark, trembling in hope, was shocked to find a shadow of another sort falling upon his path. Unmistakably she had changed towards him. Their close and happy intercourse was sadly marred by a reserve he strove in vain to surmount. At last, in a passion of hurt feelings, disappointed hopes and vague tortures, he burst out one evening:

"Selma, I can bear it no longer. I must speak in spite of your wish. What has happened? Now that I almost dare to hope, now that you have been spared to me even a little longer, oh, my darling, what has turned our friendship into pain to you?"

She did not speak, but he saw her knit her fingers in a close clasp, and he felt her tremble as he leaned upon her chair.

"Listen to me, then, since you will not speak out!" he cried, almost angrily. "In these months I have come to love you as never a man loved woman—yes! I am sure of it, for never did man learn the sweetest of lessons with such a fate impending and unavoidable.

I have not dared to tell you lest I disturb your so much needed calmness, but I cannot, I cannot bear it in silence. Unless you hate me it cannot pain you to know I love you. And, oh, Selma, you do not, you surely do not hate me—you must love me a little?"

Then she rose up quickly, and turned towards him flushing, paling, trembling in tears and laughter, and crying, softly:

"Oh, Mark, Mark, why did you not tell me sooner? How could you help it? How could you keep it? For I love you—I love you with my whole heart, and—*and I am not to die, after all.*"

There is a goodly number of people in this world who will know at once what was done upon such an avowal. There is no one out of heaven, perhaps, who can realize what was felt. When Mark Devine folded her to his passionate, so long tortured heart, when he looked into her sweet face, with no keen arrow of ranking fear tearing the depths of his love, there were no words to tell his happiness. For her, she gave one long sigh of perfect content and rested.

"You do not ask me what has taken away my certainty of death," she said, looking at him with the fondest eyes he ever imagined.

"Love, it is gone. I care for nothing besides," he answered, stooping to kiss the soft white lids. "You are mine, and I am content."

"Yes, that is like you. But, for my own sake, if not now, then in the future, I wish you to go to Doctor Henson, and he will tell you the truth."

"Very well. I will go. To-night, let me think only of the future."

Doctor Henson listened to his request next day with a grim smile. He was a stern old man, whose *fiat* no one ever disputed, and he at once admitted he had told Miss Birney six months before that, according to the judgment of man, her days were numbered.

"Miss Birney, sir, has been my patient for years. Hers is a peculiar organization, highly susceptible and nervous in the extreme. For some time she has been bearing a burden of some description entirely too heavy for her powers. Latent disease of the nerves—nothing else—came to the surface, and I could see her dying by inches, with no power to save her. I probed the wound in vain. One day she came to me, and asked me in all seriousness and earnestness to tell her the exact truth with regard to herself. She assured me, in her own inimitable manner, that her happiness for time and eternity depended upon it. Sir, I told the truth, talked plainly to her, and expressed my firm conviction that nothing short of a miracle could save her. That miracle you have wrought. What the difficulty was between you, you know and I do not—don't want to know. Returning happiness, with a nature such as hers, means health and life. I see now no reason to apprehend an earlier death than the average. She will always be a frail casket of a strong soul. Take care of her, sir. She is worth it. Good-morning."

Mark bowed himself out and went to Selma. His questions were answered now. She had loved him "all this time." With tenderness inexpressible, with gratitude, and what evidences of his own love he told her all he knew, and thanked God for it, and for her courage in sending for him.

"Mark, I could not help it! And everything else seemed so worthless, so beneath my notice! I could not die without one sight of your dear face at least. But when I came into the room that night, I had not made up my mind to ask you. I feared to do it, and I had another trifling reason ready to cover my request. It was only when you came out in your true colors, dearest and best of men, that I felt I would rather risk and lose all than let you pass away from me when I might hold you. When I found I was to live, I suffered! That made me seem cold. I did not know you felt more than pity for me, and I dreaded your thinking—oh, I don't know what—some sort of manoeuvring; and that I am incapable of, I am sure."

"It was the desperation of a forlorn hope, my darling, and it met with its reward. Purity, truth, sincerity such as yours, could not but win when the outer barriers of conventionalities were surmounted. But for your courage I would never have known the depths of my own heart, or the priceless sweetness of yours. If women risked more fearlessly they would gain more, and men would have cause to bless them as I do you."

He was wrong. Let no woman try Selma Birney's plan who has not her magic power. There must be purity unshadowed, truth unavailed, sincerity unflinching, added to grace of mind, strength of passion and the higher arts of a cultivated manner, and perfect toilet, to carry one successfully through such an ordeal. But any woman may labor to acquire these things, which are the basis of conquest, and in proportion as she labors will she find her full and sweet reward.

THE SACRIFICE OF LEGENDRE.

THE sophomores of Columbia College, in New York City, celebrated with characteristic enthusiasm, on the night of May 27th, their release from the study of the knotty problems of Legendre with which they have vexed their brains for two years previous. The celebration took the form of a grand triumphal march and the sacrificial burning of the illustrious mathematician in effigy. The march was modeled after the ancient Roman processions, with "modern improvements." Shortly after dusk the rejoicing students began to gather *en masse* about the Worth Monument, clad in Roman attire of a startling and unique pattern. They had long muslin togas, upon which were painted the figures "83" and all sorts of mathematical emblems, including sines and cosines and excerpts from the pages of the detested Legendre. With the togas were worn tall white hats, also ornamented with curious and novel mathematical hieroglyphics. The young Roman Senators also carried tall torches, smoked cigars, blew tin horns, and did many other things that would doubtless have astonished the

ancient citizens of the sacred city. The students were formed into ranks, and were led by George C. Palmer, dressed as an emperor; the poet of the occasion, Herbert L. Satterlee, and the orator of the night, L. L. Delfeld, Jr. Immediately behind them, in a gay chariot, i.e., a one-horse cart hired for the occasion, rode the effigy of Legende. The figure was clad in check trousers, wore a high choker and a white tie, and a long white toga. Shortly after ten o'clock the brass band struck up, and the "triumphant procession" started up Fifth Avenue amid wild cheering. The streets were filled with crowds of people, who gave the students a hearty greeting. Handkerchiefs were waved from windows, and in some instances houses along the line of march were illuminated for the occasion. The procession filed into the college campus about eleven o'clock.

The grounds were illuminated with colored lanterns, and crowded with visitors to witness the ceremonies. Under the trees were erected a forum and an altar decorated with more hieroglyphic figures from Legende. From the altar arose the dense smoke of flaming pitch. Post Satterlee ascended the forum, and delivered a poem embodying the agonizing features of the study of Legende, and closing with the offering up of the sacrificial goat. This was a large toy animal, stuffed with a brick, a box of sardines, a broken hat, a coil of wire and a wagon-tire, each of the articles having some mystic meaning, which was interpreted amid great laughter. The goat having had its imaginary brains dashed out, the effigy of Legende was next brought up, and offered the choice of one of three modes of death. It shuddered at the thought of dying "so slow a death as the President of Yale College," shivered at so cruel a fate as being quickly killed by being "sung to by the members of Rutgers College," and grew pale at the prospect of "being sent to Princeton." The effigy was finally pitched into the tar fire, and a great shout of triumph rent the air. Orator Delfeld next advanced to the forum and delivered a speech, in which he humorously commemorated the personal peculiarities of certain students. Uncomplimentary allusion to the Freshmen brought down on his head a dangerous shower of half-burned torches. The ceremony was brought to a close with a ringing cheer for the graduating class of '81; and then the procession reformed, and the students went to Hamilton Park, where they passed the time convivially until morning.

THE EXCURSION HORROR IN CANADA.

In our previous issue we alluded briefly to the terrible disaster near London, Ontario, on May 24th, when the steamboat *Victoria* capsized on returning with a large excursion party that had been celebrating the Queen's birthday.

The story of the disaster, as given by competent witnesses, who were on board, show that the ill-fated vessel was on her last trip, and that on getting out from Springbank to return to the city, she had nearly all her passengers on the way down, and, in addition, a large number who were waiting on the wharf to be conveyed home. The number on board on the return trip was 525.

Shortly after passing Woodland Cemetery the boat began to rock, and the crowd surged from one side to the other with each oscillation, rather enjoying the fun than being in any way alarmed. One passenger stated that a number of youths on the upper deck took delight in keeping up the rocking motion by moving from one side to the other, while others shouted gleefully, "Let her sink; we'll only have to wade ashore!" It is said by some, though denied by others, that the officers in charge endeavored to induce the passengers to remain quiet, but their efforts were unavailing. The crowd surged from side to side, and, with each movement the vessel took in an increasing quantity of water in her lower deck, to the terror of some and delight of others. No one seemed to foresee the danger. Suddenly the position became alarming.

When nearly opposite Cove Bridge the water, to the depth of a foot or more, rushed in on the south side of the boat, and the crowd surged again to the north; the boat slowly followed the movement by listing over to that side. This time the vessel almost turned on her edge, and the deck-floor became elevated to an angle not far from perpendicular. All at once the supports of the upper deck gave way with a terrible crash, on account of the unnatural position and great weight on it. Over the railings people tumbled headlong into deep water, and, to make the situation more terrible, the whole upper deck and supports went crashing down upon the wretched victims, tearing and bruising the struggling mass of humanity, which thus became engulfed in a dreadful tomb.

Between the wreck and shore could be seen scores of human beings who had become liberated from the mass of debris and were battling with the element into whose cruel grasp they were so suddenly thrown, and slowly, but surely, yielding to its power. Many, who were so stunned by the crash as to be unconscious, sank without an effort. The steamer *Princess Louise* came alongside in a few minutes, and in a short time both of her decks and every available inch of space were taken up with dead bodies. Tears came into the eyes of many a man of iron nerves, as they gazed upon the bodies of boys and girls, as they were taken from the river clad in holiday attire and were carried in sympathizing arms aboard the *Princess Louise*. Meanwhile the tidings were conveyed to the city and a crowd of anxious ones flocked to the scene to learn, if possible, the fate of some one on board who was dear to them. Many of the bodies were terribly bruised and mangled from the crash of timbers, which came down from the upper deck, and in many cases the features bore evidence of the desperate struggle which must have taken place.

At the inquest now in progress W. F. Adams has testified that he helped to rebuild the *Victoria*, and had noticed that the joints in the upper planking were not caulked. He considered that when she collapsed she was full of water from leakage.

THE BICYCLE AGAINST THE HORSE.

An interesting event took place at the driving park of Rochester, N. Y., on the 24th ultimo, being a trial of speed between Miss Ella Von Blumen on a bicycle and the trotting-mare Hattie R. There was a large crowd of spectators, and the affair was in every way an enjoyable one. Miss Von Blumen is described as a very graceful rider, and received hearty applause every time she rolled her hoop in front of the grand stand. The bicycle was given the odds of half a mile on one mile and a half.

The first heat was made by Miss Von Blumen in the following time: One fourth mile, 1:13; half, 2:28; three-quarters, 3:47; mile, 4:56. Hattie R, half, 1:33; mile, 2:53; mile and a half, 4:55, giving the heat to Hattie R by a short second. The second heat was taken by Miss Von Blumen as follows: Quarter, 1:17; half, 2:25; three-quarters, 3:56; mile, 5:04. The third and last heat was also won by Miss Von Blumen by four lengths, in the following time: Quarter, 1:17; half, 2:33; three-quarters, 3:50; mile, 5:10; Hattie R making the mile in 3:25 and the mile and a half in 5:10 1/2.

In a race of the bicycler against a running horse ridden by Miss Belle Walters, the same odds were given, Miss Walters starting from the half-mile post and passing the stand twice. Miss Von Blumen was an easy winner, riding one mile against Miss

Walter's mile and one-quarter. Miss Von Blumen's time in this race was: Quarter, 1:22; half, 2:39; three-quarters, 3:52, mile, 4:38.

Soldiers' Dreams.

A WEEK previous to the battle of Fair Oaks a New York volunteer, who passed the night in tent of a member of the Third Michigan Infantry, got up in the morning looking very glum and down-hearted, and when rallied about his fancied homesickness, he said: "I have only a week to live! I had a dream last night which has settled the business for me and lots of others. A week from to-day a battle will be fought and thousands will be slain. My regiment will lose over a hundred men, and I shall be killed while charging across a field." The men laughed at his moody spirit, but he turned upon them and said: "Your regiment will also be in the fight, and when the roll is called after the battle you will have nothing to be merry over. The two sergeants who were in here last night will be killed among the trees. I saw them lying dead as plainly as I now see you. One will be shot in the breast, and the other in the groin, and dead men will be thick around them."

The battle took place just a week after. The dreamer was killed in full sight of every man in the Third, before the fight was an hour old, and within twenty minutes after the two sergeants and six of their comrades were dead in the woods, hit exactly where the dreamer said they would be. More than fifty men will bear witness to the truth of this statement.

Just before the battle of Cedar Creek, a camp sentinel who was off duty temporarily, and trying to put in a little sleep, dreamed that he went out on a scout. A mile to the right of the camp he came upon a log barn, and as it began to rain just then, he sought shelter, or was about to, when he heard voices and discovered that the place was already occupied. After a little investigation he ascertained that three Confederate scouts had taken up their quarters for the night in the place, and he therefore moved away. The sentinel awoke with such a vivid remembrance of details that he asked permission to go over and confer with one of the scouts. When the log barn was described to this man he located it at once, having passed it a dozen times. The dreamer described the highway exactly as it was, giving every hill and turn, and the scout put such faith in the remainder of the dream, that he took four soldiers, one of whom was the dreamer, and set out for the place. Three Confederate scouts were asleep in the straw, and were taken without a shot being fired. The dream and its results were known to hundreds of Sheridan's cavalry, and has been alluded to at reunions.

The night before the cavalry fight at Brandy Station, a trooper who slept as his horse jogged along in column, dreamed that a certain captain in his regiment would be unhorsed in a fight next day, and while rising from his fall would be wounded in the left knee. Everything was so clear to the dreamer that he took opportunity to find the captain and relate his dream.

"Go to Texas with your croaking!" was all the thanks he received, but he had his revenge. In the very first charge, next day, the captain was unhorsed by the breaking of the girth, and was pitched head over heels into a patch of briars. As he struggled out a shell killed his horse and two men, and one of the dying pieces of iron mashed the captain's left leg to a bloody pulp. He is now a resident of Ohio, and his wooden leg is indisputable evidence that dreams sometimes come to pass.

While McClellan was besieging Yorktown, the fun was not all on one side. The Confederates had plenty of shot and shell, and they sent them out with intent to kill. One morning a Michigan man who was in the trenches walked back to a spot on which three officers were eating breakfast, and warned them that they were in great peril. On the night previous he had dreamed that he had looked at his watch and marked that it was a quarter of seven when a shell hit the ground behind him and tore up the earth in a terrible way. It was now twenty minutes of seven, and he besought the officers to leave the spot at once. His earnest manner induced them to comply, and they had only reached cover when a Confederate shell struck the earth where they had been grouped, and made an excavation into which a horse could have been rolled with room to spare.

Three days before the affair at Kelly's Ford, a corporal in the Sixth Michigan Cavalry dreamed that a brother of his, who was a sergeant in another company, would have his horse killed in action, and would almost immediately mount a dark bay horse with a white nose. Within five minutes both horse and rider would be killed by a shell. This dream was related to more than a score of comrades two days before the fight. Early in the action the sergeant's horse was struck square in the forehead by a bullet, and dropped dead in his tracks. It was scarcely three minutes before a white horse, carrying a blood-stained saddle, galloped up to the sergeant and halted. He remembered the dream, and refused to mount the animal, and soon after picked up a black horse. The white-nosed animal was mounted by a second corporal in another regiment, and horse and rider were torn to fragments by a shell in full sight of four companies of the Sixth. These things may seem very foolish now, but there was a time when soldier's dream saved General Kilpatrick's life; when a dream changed Custer's plans for three days; when a dream prevented General Tolbert's camp from surprise and capture; and when a dream gave General Sheridan more accurate knowledge of Early's forces than all the scouts.

Farming Enterprise on a Colossal Scale.

The extensive cheese exporter, Mr. George Morton, of Kingston, Canada, has lately had several interviews with the Governor-general and members of the Cabinet pertaining to matters in connection with a grand Northwest colonization scheme. His intentions are to form a company, with a paid-up capital of \$400,000, to fence in 224 farms of 160 acres each, break up 40 acres on each farm, build a good house, stock each lot with 30 milk cows, all these farms to be served by a narrow-gauge railroad of two feet, with a station at every man's door, the railway to be 33 1/2 miles in length, with 58 stations. Also, to collect the miles twice daily for six months or longer, to raise all the calves, instead of deaconing them, as practiced in dairy districts in the United States, and to build an immense cheese and butter factory for manufacturing Cheddar, Stilton and Gruyere cheese from 6,700 cows, which could be sold or rented at the option of the settler. This scheme will, doubtless, cause a stir in the cheese-producing communities of the United States and Great Britain.

Grape Culture on the Pacific Coast.

CALIFORNIA produced during the year 1880 10,000,000 gallons of wine, of which 700,000 gallons were sweet wine. Of brandy, 450,000 gallons were manufactured; also raisins to the value of \$100,000. The sale of grapes for table use yielded \$150,000. The total yield from the culture of the grape during the year 1880 amounts to \$3,500,000. In comparison with the products of France, Germany, Spain and Italy, these are insignificant figures, but it must be borne in mind that the grape culture of Europe is hundreds of years old, and that of California has only an existence of a few decades. In 1880, over 10,000 acres were planted in grapevines in

California, and it is said that during the present year 20,000 acres will be added. Good grape lands can be had in some localities for \$10 to \$40, while in others they are valued as high as \$100 per acre. It costs on an average about \$75 in all to prepare and plant an acre with vine before they bear and return a profit.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Prime Minister of Greece.

M. Alexander Coumoundouros, the Prime Minister of Greece, is just now a conspicuous personage in European diplomacy. He is about sixty years of age, and entered the Chamber of Deputies as representative of Messene, nearly thirty years ago. He was elected President of the Chamber, and was subsequently appointed a Minister of State. The department assigned to him was that of Finance; and the first thing he did on assuming office was to propose to the Chamber of Deputies Bill for the recognition of the old Greek debts of 1824 and 1825, contracted while the great national struggle for independence was going on. The attempt failed at that time; and, after passing through several phases, the affair continued to remain in suspense until, about two years ago, the opportunity was given to M. Coumoundouros of thus rehabilitating the credit of his country. M. Coumoundouros has often been called the Cavour of Greece; and he is undoubtedly the most popular man in the country. He has ruled Greece repeatedly as a Prime Minister, and longer than any other contemporary statesman.

The War between Chili and Peru.

Chorrillos and Miraflores, which have been destroyed by the Chilean soldiers, were the two principal watering places of Lima, and greatly frequented during the summer months, from December to May. They are situated to the south of Lima, and are distant—the former nine miles and the latter five by railway. The Calle de Lima was the principal street of Chorrillos, in which stood some of the handsomest buildings, and is now a heap of ruins. In this street was the house occupied by the British Minister, which, notwithstanding that the British flag was flying over it at the time, was so completely destroyed that nothing remains to mark the spot where it stood but the entrance-gate and iron railing in front of the garden. In this house Dr. William MacLean, one of the oldest English residents in Peru, who had gone there for protection, was murdered by the Chilean soldiers.

The French Expedition to Tunis.

The Island of Tabarca, which is being used by the French as the base of their operations, is about half a mile from the Tunisian coast, opposite the territories of the Kroumir tribes, and is about eight miles to the eastward of the Algerian frontier, and fifteen miles from La Calle. It has a high ridge running from one end to the other; but its southern point is in a narrow sandbank on a level with the water, and extending to the Oued Kebir, the first river to be crossed when moving from the frontier. The island, which is three-quarters of a mile long, was formerly a flourishing Genoese colony, containing over 7,000 inhabitants. An old castle, a church, a consular residence, a wall and two jetties—the whole of them in ruins—is all that remains of the place, which is almost deserted. The castle is built on the north end of the island, overlooking the sea. The church and consular residence are on the west coast. Opposite the island are the anchorages for small vessels, the wharf and the remains of a jetty, which was about two hundred metres in length. The roadstead and anchorage for large vessels are to the westward of the island. There is also good anchorage to the eastward, protected against north or northwesterly winds. Opposite the island, on one of the summits of the ridge of the Kroumir coast, is the Beldj Djedid, a fort lately occupied by a detachment of the Tunisian troops, which have been driven out of it, as well as from the castle on the Island of Tabarca. The port of Boni is situated, as we have said, in Algeria, in the province of Constantine. It has a commodious harbor, and the town is surrounded by walls and defended by a fort.

The Loss of H. M. S. "Doterel."

This vessel, which was blown up and sunk at Sandy Point, Straits of Magellan, on the 26th of April last, was a newly-built composite steam sloop of 1,137 tons burden, carrying six guns. She was commissioned at Chatham in December last, and left on the 17th of January for the Pacific station to relieve the *Penguin*. The disaster occurred at 10 A. M., and proved fatal to eight officers and 135 men. While on her way to the Pacific, the *Doterel* had been employed surveying some of the numerous harbors and channels at the Straits of Magellan in order to determine those best suited for vessels voyaging in that quarter.

The Imperial Wedding in Austria.

When the Princess Stephanie made her entry into Vienna, she rode with her mother in a carriage that is historical, and one that has interesting associations. Nearly twenty-five years ago, when the walls of Vienna had not been taken down, the present Empress of Austria made her entry into the city on a like occasion in this same carriage. It was built well out towards two centuries ago at Madrid for the Emperor Charles IV., and is after the model of one of those that are well known to European travelers in the Trianon coach-house at Versailles for their associations with the present Bourbons, and particularly with Napoleon and Josephine. Between four gilded supports the body is suspended, and upon its top there is a border of rich bronze-work, with a crown rising from the centre, and set with precious stones. Rich silk, gold lace and tassels ornament the interior, and Venetian glass is in the window frames. Sixty years after the coach was made, an artist painted in the panels allegorical representations of the princely virtues. Six noble cream-colored horses were driven before this ancient coach on the day Stephanie made her entry into Vienna amid the ringing of many bells and the shouts of the people. Our illustration represents the official reception which took place at an open space before the Elizabeth Bridge was reached, and where the Ministers and other high state dignitaries had assembled. There the carriage stopped, and the Burgomaster, advancing to the window, read an address of congratulation and welcome. The Queen of the Belgians replied first, saying how deeply she and her daughter had been moved by the reception, and the princess then added a few words to the effect that she did not know how to express her thanks, and could never hope to repay so much affection. The procession then passed on its way to the Burg, where it was awaited by the Emperor and Empress and their Court.

Proclaiming Roumania a Kingdom.

On the 26th of March last the Senate and Chamber of Deputies of Roumania, by a unanimous vote, erected the principality into a kingdom and proclaimed Prince Charles, King, under the title of Charles I. Immediately after, Bucharest, the capital city, was the scene of excitement as well as profuse demonstrations of loyalty, for, as Prince, the new King had greatly endeared himself to his subjects. The palace was surrounded, and after proclamation of the event was made, the King, Queen, and chief men of the Government appeared on the porch and received the congratulations and cheers of the populace. Roumania is at present in a prosperous condition, its political and commercial interests being in a state of steady advancement, and its people are among the most intelligent and enterprising in Eastern Europe.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—ACCORDING to the recent census the population of London is 3,814,571.

—FRENCH gunboats in Tunisian waters have been cautioned against interfering with British vessels.

—It is proposed to hold a music festival in Chicago in 1882 under the auspices of Theodore Thomas.

—DURING the Summer the Pennsylvania coal mines will work on full time only on every alternate week.

—THE United States steamer *Alliance* is to be sent on a search for the *Jeannette*, between Greenland, and Spitzbergen.

—THE United Presbyterian Assembly in Pittsburgh, last week, voted in favor of instrumental music in churches—yes, 131; nays, 22.

—MONTREAL temperance people have established a vigilance committee and detectives as a terror to the Sabbath-breaking saloon-keepers.

—THE Jesuits have been expelled from Nicaragua by order of the Government, which has been obliged to order out troops to suppress riots in their favor.

—REPORTS received in St. Petersburg state that the crops in the greater part of Russia are very satisfactory, and even in the less favored districts the prospects are good.

—SLIGHT shocks of earthquake at Mount Vesuvius have been followed by a strong eruption. Broad and active streams of lava are flowing down the north-east side.

—THE first religious body to formally adopt the revised New Testament was the Congregational Association of Marlboro, Mass., but the vote was afterwards reconsidered.

—A MONUMENT is to be erected at Charlotte, N. C., in time to be unveiled May 20th, 1882, in honor of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence and in memory of the rebel dead.

—THE Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen has fixed upon September 8th and 9th for the next regatta of the association, which is to be held upon the Potomac River at Washington.

—REPORTS from Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Missouri and Minnesota, show that there will be an average crop of wheat gathered this year. The reports agree that an increased acreage of corn and oats has been sown.

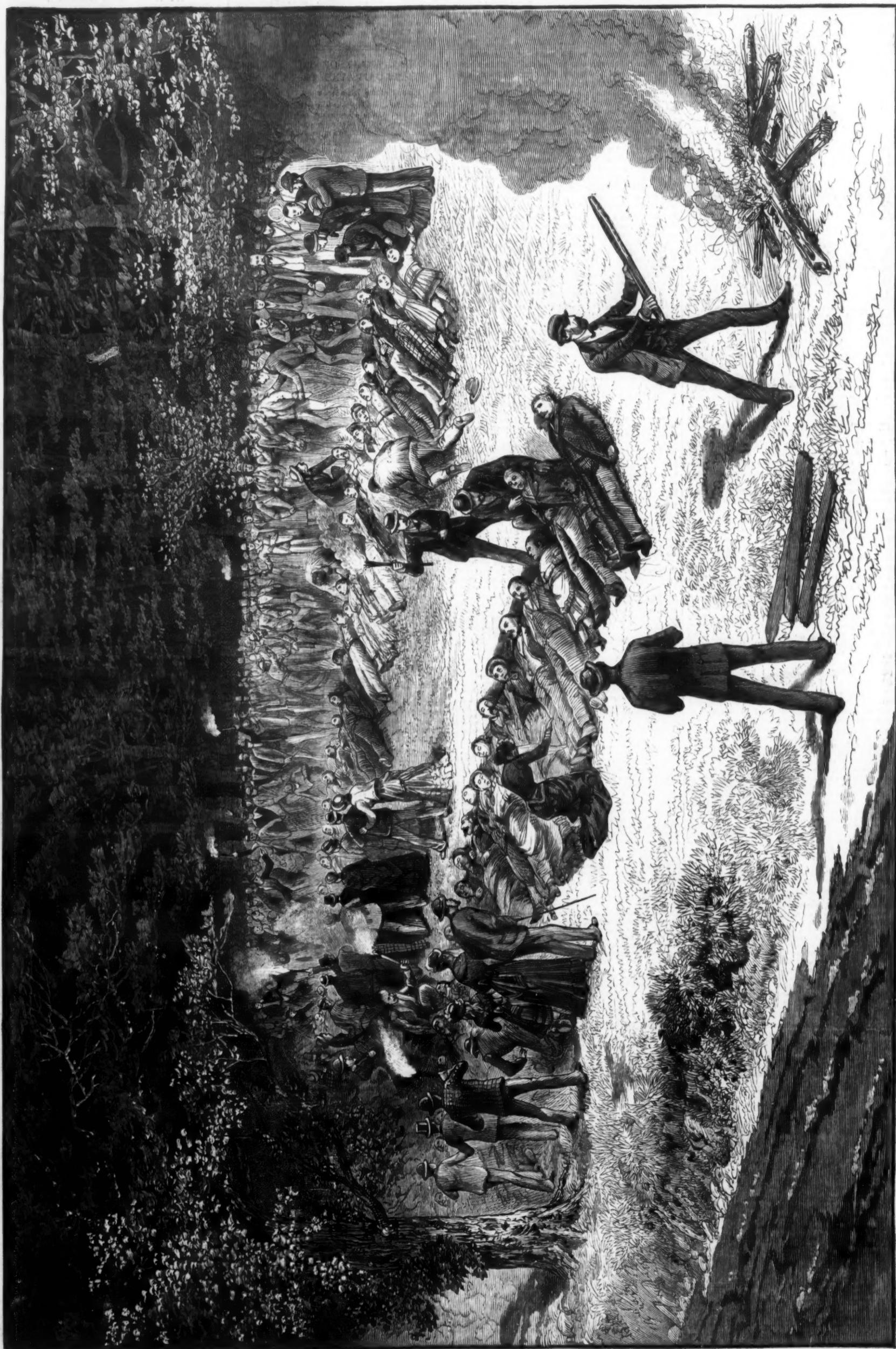
—THE Philadelphia Mint, during May, coined 4,241,640 pieces, valued at \$7,668,550. Of this amount there were 2,220 double-eagles, 324,500 eagles, 769,920 half-eagles, 500,000 silver dollars, 156,000 three-cent pieces and 2,490,000 cents.

—THE town of Natick, Mass., celebrated its hundredth anniversary on June 1st. The Governor and his staff were in attendance, and a procession of the military, firemen, local societies and invited guests was the feature of the day's celebration.

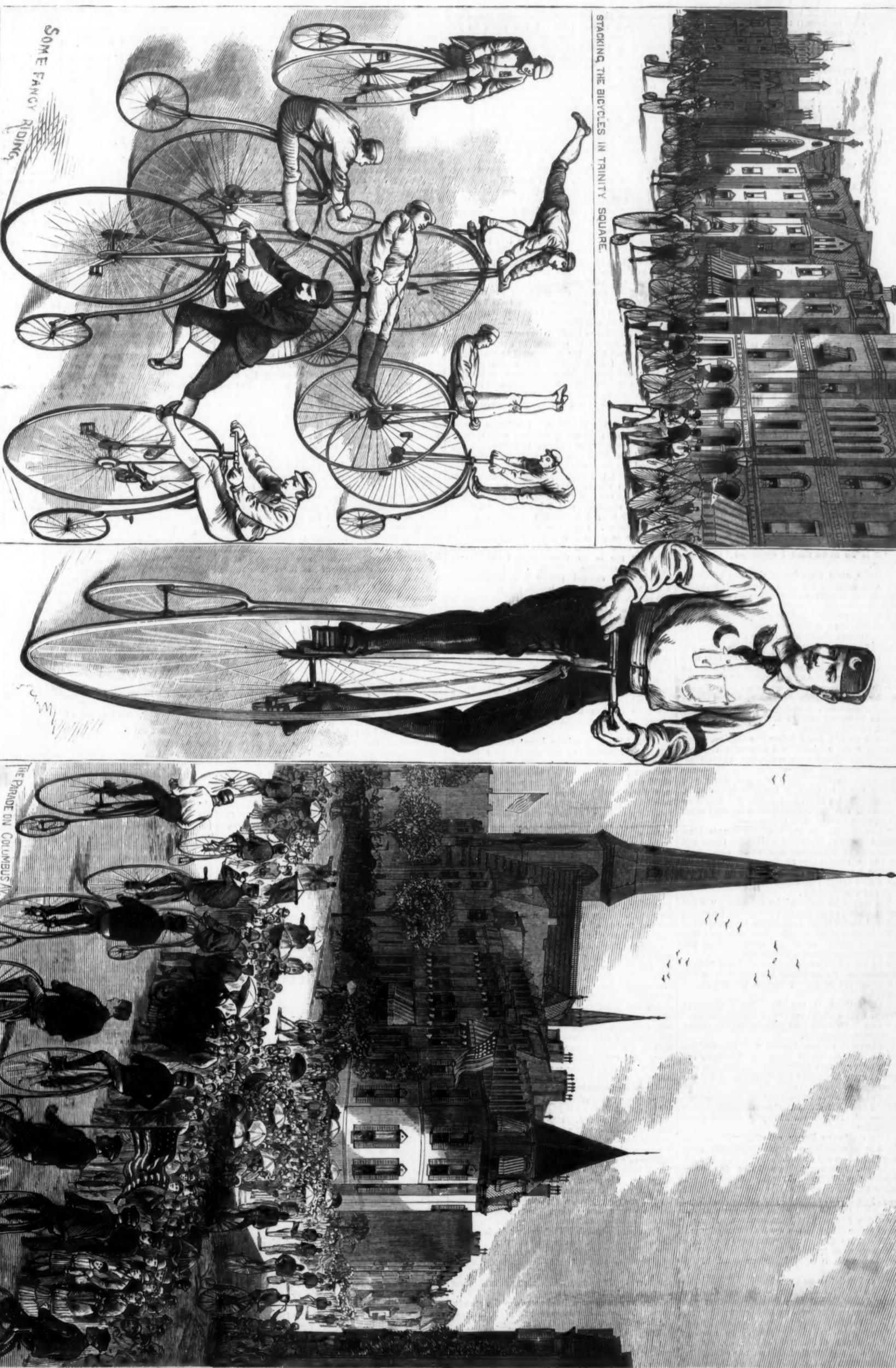
—THE inaugural address of the Governor of New Hampshire, delivered June 2d, gives the State debt as \$3,372,770, which is less by \$139,696 than it was the previous year. The savings banks have a deposit of \$32,097,734, or nearly \$4,000,000 more than in 1880.

—A BUILDING is about to be erected in Chicago upon the spot where the great fire of 1871 started, and the Historical Society of the city is taking steps to have a memorial tablet placed upon it, and also to place a tablet or monument at the northern terminus of the fire.

—THE



CANADA.—THE "VICTORIA" DISASTER, NEAR LONDON—RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF VICTIMS IDENTIFYING THE REMAINS.—From a Sketch by F. J. Wilson.—See Page 267.



MASSACHUSETTS.—ANNUAL MEET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN, AT BOSTON, MAY 30TH.—From Sketches by CHAS. UPHAM.—See PAGE 271.

THE OLD FAIR STORY.

A MOTHER kissed her baby,
Rocking it to rest,
And, gently clasped within her arms,
It nestled in her breast.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

A fair-faced boy and maiden
Passed through the yellow wheat;
And their hands were clasped together,
And the flowers grew at their feet.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

An old man and a wrinkled wife
Amid the fair Spring weather;
"We've shared our sorrows and our joys,
God grant we die together."
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

THE TYRANNY OF FATE;
OR,
A FIAT OF DRACO.

BY MISS ANNIE DUFFELL.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE day has closed—the day that culminated the trial of Percy Dunworth. Never within the annals of the court was there a more exciting case, the high social position of the accused and accusers and the great value of the jewels lost being, of course, the secret of it. In the cell of the felon—for Percy is now such, pronounced by the world and the law—sit two men in converse with the prisoner, Lord Fitzgerald and a young peer, who, with many others of his young companions, have clung to the unfortunate man despite these recent distressing circumstances.

"It is no more than I expected," observes Percy.

He sits upon the edge of the iron bedstead, his countenance naturally haggard, and his figure somewhat emaciated, owing to the past two weeks of close imprisonment. But his face is tranquil and extremely peaceful in its expression; in his eyes, clear and steady, is a lofty look that was strange to them in the days of his prosperity, and upon his brow the sublimity of sacrifice. There are certain new lines, too, about his mouth—lines that bespeak a quiet endurance and an unfaltering courage.

"It is no more than I expected," he is saying to his companions, either of whom shows more excitement than he; "I felt sure they would sentence me to ten years' imprisonment, perhaps fifteen."

"But to add hard labor!" exclaims Lord Alfred, with a shudder he cannot repress. "My God! Dunworth, when we played together, children, out at Beechwood—the Dunworth castle—'little did we think you would come to this! I can't understand it. In those days, Percy, you would not touch an apricot if the gardener forbade it; and what a big, sunny old garden it was—'

"Never mind the garden," interrupts Fitzgerald, hastily, knowing well that these old memories of a happier time will not be likely to prove conducive to Percy's composure. "What I want, Dunworth, is for you to apply for a new trial. Don't abide by this decision."

Percy smiles sadly.

"It would be useless," he returns. "What could a lawyer do for me? My counsel worked nobly, but, with my confession, you see what little groundwork he had. His only plea was insanity, which, after an examination, the physicians would not substantiate."

"By Jove! Dunworth," utters Lord Alfred, impulsively, "sometimes I think that is the whole secret of it! I like to think you are mad!"

"Then think it, my dear boy," observes Percy, with a slight return of his old humor.

"You have good, true friends yet," observes Fitzgerald, musingly.

"I have!" replies Percy, while a sudden humid light dawns in his eyes. "Believe me I can never forget their kindness, and you and Alfred have been first among them. I am not deserving of such devotion."

"But, you see, everything was against you," says Lord Fitzgerald, disconsolately. "If only—." He pauses abruptly and in some confusion.

"Go on," says Percy, calmly. "I have no right to be offended at anything you say, even were you less my friend."

"Well, Dunworth," continues the peer, speaking quickly, and keeping his gaze resolutely turned from the prisoner, "if you had only, you know, restored the diamonds. That was what told so heavily against you; and it does look rough, you must confess. It gives them room to say the bitterest things of you."

"What do they say?" queries Percy, in a curiously calm tone.

"Oh! well, it would do no good to repeat it."

"But I insist upon knowing."

"You are no stranger to the world. You know exactly what they would say—that you are shameless as well as dishonest; that for such infamous persistence in crime, such utter unrepentance, no mercy should be shown; that you are evidently holding, or, rather, concealing, the jewels; that at the expiration of your term you may dispose of them and reap the benefit. I can't conceal from you—you must know it already—that public opin-

ion is very much against you. No one in society was ever a greater favorite than you, and when the affair first came out, there was scarcely a friend that did not stick to you and say a word in your defense. And if some have now turned from you, why, old boy, it is your own fault; they call it obstinacy and effrontery to refuse to restore the stolen property. It looks so bad."

"Another thing that told against me," observes Percy, "was the unpopularity of my poor father in the political world."

"Yes, that was another powerful drawback. Lord Dunworth, surely, killed himself politically when he allied himself to that new and unpopular party. What good did it do? He sunk all his money in it, made enemies, and it did not survive himself one year, while its effects still last. With a certain class of politicians his memory is still held in bitterness, and their enmity showed itself in their unceasing efforts to prejudice public opinion against his son. It was their revenge."

"Well," says Percy, after a pause, "repining will do no good. I have lived my life, and now that I am passing away into another where I will be as one dead and forgotten, I will not complain. Go, you both; I owe the deepest gratitude for your kindness, and its memory will lessen the gloom of many a dreary day in the future. But I do honestly feel that you have devoted too much time and expense to so worthless a cause—"

"Don't mention that," interrupts Fitzgerald, almost roughly; it may be to conceal some deeper emotion. He is a man five-and-thirty years old, familiar with the world and its ways; but, despite his worldliness, in his soul is a firm friendship for this man, and he cannot see him smitten down in the midst of his young years without a feeling of sorrow and pity.

"I can never forget it," continues Percy. "To-morrow I go away where I will trouble you no more. It is nothing to the world—but it will be forgotten in six months—but the toil and blankness and desolation of my hidden life will go on though I am dead to this outer one. I am sentenced to fifteen years' hard labor. All my life I have been accustomed to ease and elegance, and I believe my system will never bear the shock and strain of this new existence. I believe that before half of that time is gone I will be in my grave; it is my only hope. The only thing that staggers me is to think that I shall live out my sentence. Boys, it's rough! If I thought I should really live through it all, it would completely knock me under. It is not so much the life of the prison, but think of the release—bent and broken, aged and gray, thrust out to a strange world a felon. My God, I couldn't stand it! Not a familiar face to greet me, not a kindly word, not a friendly hand—desolate and crushed with shame. But don't think I am repining, or"—he stops abruptly. He was about to say *repenting*, which might have betrayed him. Could he again live through the past few weeks he would not change his course one iota. Upon the altar of his love he has laid his sacrifice, which is himself, and a thought of regret has not entered his mind.

Lord Alfred, in whose heart there is still left that remnant of his youth that forces forgetfulness of this man in his self-confessed crime, and leaves only the memory of a young child with whom he played in years long gone and purer than the present—Lord Alfred has turned away to the grated window; there is a moisture in his eyes he would not have seen. Fitzgerald, the reckless, careless, *blase* devotee of the world, stands alone beside his companion whose life is ruined, and the careless egotism, the cool indifference of his nature are rent at his fate. He looks at the white, serene face of this man who upon the morrow will go forth to his living death—dead to the world save where his name shall live in shame and ignominy; and in that composed countenance, stamped with the sublimity of sacrifice, he can see no traces of crime. To the contrary, it seems to have become ennobled and purified during the weeks of his incarceration; there is a look of lofty endurance in the clear eyes, an expression of strength, blended with resignation, around the young mouth which, six months ago, never unclosed but to emit some gay *mol*, some reckless jest. He feels the great and indefinable change—a change like unto the spirit triumphing over the flesh—when, loosened from the weary bondage and thralldom of life, it soars up to that pinnacle that is for ever above the trials and weaknesses and temptations of the world.

"Dunworth," he says, vehemently. "I will not accept even your own word against you; you never committed this theft!"

Percy's lips grow a trifle whiter.

"Then who did it?" he queries, calmly.

"It is a mystery," replies the peer, but a conviction of Percy's innocence has suddenly fastened upon him, and is hard to be shaken. "You could not have done it; the whole course of your past life is contrary to it."

"A man will do anything if driven to desperation. My money, the little I had, went in the failure. I was a beggar; I don't deny that it may have been a mistake to have preferred crime to beggary. But it is too late now to retrospect."

Fitzgerald regards him sharply; he is mystified and confused. At last he speaks.

"Well, then, if this be true—if in a moment of weakness you did fall—Dunworth, restore the jewels. Do yourself this justice before the world. It looks so black, so cowardly, so despicable to keep them."

A swift spasm of pain shoots into the steady eyes of the felon, but his strength never falters.

"It is impossible," he says, simply.

Fitzgerald is dumb for a moment, then:

"I can't understand it," he cries. "Dunworth, I can't see you destroy yourself entirely. Once again I implore you to accept my advice. You say you owe me much for cleaving to you through this miserable affair; you do not, but you fancy it. Well, then, in the name of the debt you owe me, I ask you to restore these diamonds. Tell me where they are concealed, in whose hands they are, and let me return them to Sinclair."

Ah! this is the hardest appeal of all! In the name of that friendship that has clung to him through disgrace, that never faltered when others proved false, that never yielded when confronted with his guilt, that spared no time nor money to serve him in his exigency; the plea of that friendship, leal and true, must be disregarded. His lips quiver, his forehead contracts; for an instant his eyes grow desolate with their pain and regret.

"It is impossible," he again says, and this time his voice is less steady and a flush of shame mounts upwards over the marble-like pallor of his sunken face—shame that he stands before these friends such a dastard, that the plea of their devotion is disregarded.

At this moment the jailer unlocks the iron door and presents his prisoner with a card.

"A lady to see you," he says.

Percy reads the card, "Countess Melbourne." Very swiftly does that crimson tide drain out of his face; a pain in comparison with which that which has gone before is ease strikes him. This woman is here, removed from him by only a few walls—this woman for whom he has suffered and borne and conquered, and at whose feet he has laid down his honor and his manhood. It does not enter into his head that she is unworthy of his love that removes from it all taint of earthliness, enwraps her in a mantle of charity. His faith in her has never been beaten down, his love for her can never end save with life! Yet he cannot see her; for the sight of her would now break down his strength; against this he has not steeled himself. Yet even while, with that agony of self-denial by which the old Dominicans triumphed over the flesh, he puts from him this deadly temptation, his every instinct goes out to her in torture and yearning, hungering for one last look of farewell into the eyes of this woman who upon the morrow will fade for ever from his life. It is his last chance. When the sun shall rise never again shall he look into the divine splendor of her face; never again shall he hear the music of her voice; never again on earth shall he stand in her presence. Not until this moment does he realize the depths of his sacrifice, yet the faith and loyalty in him are stronger than those weaker instincts of his love. He turns to the jailer:

"Tell the countess I cannot see her."

The words are few and simple, but upon the brow, drawn so deeply with lines of suffering, springs a moisture as of approaching death. The tortured flesh has stooped to its last burden, the tempted and persecuted spirit has lifted its last cross; life stretches before him ruined and desolated by his love, yet to that love he has proven faithful through its final and heaviest temptation.

A look has come into his eyes, a weary, heart-stricken pathos, that tells his companions that solitude is his only comfort, and without a word they wring his hand and go out, leaving his tall, slender figure standing alone amid the gloom of his cell, through whose shadows, looking back through the grating in the door, they see his white, stricken face with its pain and prayer. At this moment a dull, heavy sound breaks across the silence of the prison; it is the closing of the great entrance doors. He knows well they opened to let out the woman of his love. He springs to his door; his hands grasp the iron clasps and shake them with all his force; in this moment he feels that his cross is heavier than he can bear; all the blindness of the senses arise in him crying out fiercely for this woman's loveliness, and for one moment the cruel, intoxicating, fiery riot of passion runs ripe in him. But in the next it is vanquished; that nobler spirit once more courses in its glorious sacrifice. Resignation pours her healing waters upon his wounded soul, weary with the scourge; the conflicts end. Where he stands in the shadow and gloom of the prison his head sinks upon his chest; his tired eyes see the gray walls of his dungeon through a rush of tears, the woman of his love is dead to him for ever.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A FORTNIGHT has elapsed and the earl has returned to Sinclair. The night of his arrival he sits in his private apartment in the tower, whose gloom and state are somewhat modified by a bright fire burning in the grate, before which his lordship reclines in one of the luxurious chairs that have been rolled in from the bedchamber. Lord John seems to be in a very happy frame of mind, indeed; over his cold but still handsome face a light hover that is not cast by the fire, and a half-dazed lingers upon his lips. He is alone, and a deep hush is in the apartment. At last the silence is broken by a sharp rap upon the panels of the door. The earl strengthens himself, and his countenance resumes its usual haughty expression, mingled with which is a look of displeasure; he has given his man orders that upon no consideration is he to be disturbed to-night.

"Enter!" he says, briefly.

The door is thrown open and Nurse Macdonald enters. She walks straight across the apartment to the earl and stands looking down at him. Her stiffly starched white cap towers higher and more uncompromisingly than ever; beneath its frill a few bands of gray hair appear; her straight, sinewy figure is clad in its customary strong tweed. It is a rough, honest, rugged face into which the peer gazes, looking much more fit for the hills and braes and bracken of her own country than the sombre state and splendor of this ancient apartment. As I have said, it is an honest face, yet it would not require much knowledge of human nature to see that this woman, who could be

faithful to love through an age of torture and persecution with that half-sullen, dogged resolution, that bulldog resistance she possesses, is nevertheless narrow-minded and subject to strong prejudices, high-tempered and vindictive.

"Oh! is it you?" observes the earl. Nurse Macdonald is always allowed more latitude than any one else in the household, though, for what reason, the lord has never quite found out. Sure it is, she has, perhaps, more influence over him than any living person, and he invariably treats her with unfailing respect.

"Ay, my laird," she replies.

"Perhaps you had better light the lamps," he observes.

Silently she obeys this suggestion, then again comes and stands beside him. In the full glare of the light he sees that the gaunt face is dark and stormy, and the gray eye fierce with a strong resolution. She has planted herself firmly before him, her form motionless as though cut in stone, her hands hanging clinched by her side. The earl suddenly straightens himself in his chair. In that old, strong, brown face he sees something that tells him a strife has come between them that means war to the knife. Before he can speak she enters upon her business.

"I ha'e heard doon-stairs," she says, abruptly, "that ye are about to take a new wife. Is this true, my laird?"

"It is," replies the earl. "In six weeks I marry Lady Grace Lennox."

"Ay, I might ha'e kenned that!" she cries, bitterly. "Never was there a grain o' faith or gratitude in the heart o' a Saxon. Ah, my poor bairn, my poor bairn! Ye would never ha'e married her if it was nae for her silver. Ah, ye did nae blind my 'een! I saw it was her fortune ye wed, nae her bonny sel'; an' many is the nicht I passed in greetin' for her. Ye war swamped in debt, an' she come along at the right time. Ye did nae care a penny for herself, and I'd rather a seen her in the lowest thatched hut on her father's lands a-eatin' her porridge oot o' a wooden bowl than to have her live to be your wife. An' she died broken-hearted, an' the fortune ye covet ye got, an' I was content, and held my peace so lang as ye kept it to yoursel', and left to me the room where she died. But I'll nae stand by while ye gie it to another."

A dark smile flits over the earl's face.

"How can you prevent it?" he sneers.

"I'll find a way to thwart ye!" she cries, literally mad with passion. "If there is justice in heaven, I'll find a way! Ye shall nae break my bairn's heart to get her fortune, and then give it to a wanton who is nae fit to stand in her footsteps! I'd rather die ten thousand deaths—I'd rather rot in prison—than ha'e that woman touch a shilling o' my lassie's wealth! I'll find a way to dash ye both down to the poverty ye'd grovel in if it wa' nae for the innocent one who is gone! Ye dinna ken me yet, my laird"—the enraged, convulsed face is thrust closer to the earl—"but you will afore I'm through, if ye dinna mend yoursel' an' your ways. I'll fight for my bairn's memory till ye wring the breath from my poor auld body. I was her mither—the only one she ever kenned—an', though she lays in the grave where you sent her, and though I e'en a'most go daft nights wi' the ache to see her bonny face once agin, I tell ye, her memory'll nae want a friend while her mither's bones are above the sod."

"This is worse than madness, Agnes," says the earl, who has recovered his composure. He speaks mildly, even conciliatingly; there has always been something in this ignorant, fearless, violent nature that has had the effect to almost intimidate his, though never until the present occasion have their wills ever clashed. "Have I not been a good friend to you?"

The Scotchwoman's nostrils quiver with anger like an enraged brute's.

"Have you?" she retorts. "Maybe ye ha'e, but I dinna ken. How ha'e ye been my friend? Mayhap ye think by givin' me a roof over my head. But for it I ha'e served ye weel. Besides, I ha'e a richt to this place; it was freed frae debt by my bairn's money, and ye never would ha' her or her fortune if I had nae cherished the lass till she grew to womanhood."

"Well, well, we will not discuss that," returns the earl. "Lady Sinclair's fortune was left to me without restrictions. It is entirely at my disposal—"

"I'll nee gainsay it was left to her husband," interrupts the nurse, looking squarely into the earl's eyes.

A dead hush comes in the room for a moment.

"Lady Sinclair's fortune was left entirely to me," resumes the laird. His tones are colder and more distinct. "And as I was about to remark, so long as you conduct yourself in a proper manner, I will always give you home."

"I ask no favors, my laird," she responds, bluntly; "I want nae! An' if ye mean by 'behavin' properly' I'm to stand by an' nae raise a hand while you fill her place wi' one onworthy o' it, then, my laird, let us understand one anither frae the start. I am nae going to 'beha'e' myself."

She stands like a rock, her brown, withered face dark with passion, her bright old eyes resolute, defiant, and filled with a challenging light.

The earl is again seized with rage.

"Do you defy me, woman?" he cries. "Do you forget that you are old and helpless, and can no longer work for your bread? I can thrust you out to starve if I choose."

"Ay, do your worst, ye son o' the false-hearted Saxons. It will nae be the first wrong they ha'e done to the auld and the friendless. But Agnes Macdonald asks no mercy of the slayer o' the innocent."

"Any one would think I had murdered your mistress," cries Lord John, angrily.

"There are more ways o' killin' than one," she retorts. "But go your way an' I will go

mine. But the day ye fetch that dark-faced, stony-hearted woman in this house as its mistress, that day, Laird John Sinclair, Agnes Macdonald becomes your enemy for life. An' I'll set my whole aim to the search for revenge. I'll hunt ye like a sleuth-hound, an' I'll ken nae tire. An' if ever there was a black deed ye had done in the past, ye maun weel tremble, my laird, for I'll hound ye till I hunt it doon. It's just this that I come to say, that ye may ken all that's in my heart and all that I treasure agin ye."

"I fancy your friendship is not of vital importance to the Earl of Sinclair," replies the lord, calmly. Yet, despite his composure, he has grown trifle paler in the past moment.

"Ay, ye would think so," says his companion, shaking her white-capped head, while the furrows around her hard lips deepen. "Ye are the powerful earl, I a poor and unkenne woman, far frae the land o' her birth. But ye try me an' see what I can do. If there be one weak spot in a' your armor, Laird John, I'll find it oot," with which words she turns and leaves the room.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUTHERN UTE INDIANS IN COLORADO.

THE proposed removal of the Ute Indians from their reservation by the Government, and their opposition to the execution of the Government plans, is just at present exciting general interest throughout the West, and another Indian war is anticipated by many close observers. The warriors of the tribe are congregating on the White River on the western border of Colorado, and propose to resist the Government in its attempt at removal to the bitter end. They have already committed some depredations on the San Miguel and Dolores Rivers, killing ranchmen, burning houses and driving off stock. Our illustration on page 272 represents Ignatio, Chief of the Southern Utes, escorting the old men, squaws, papoose, together with their flocks and herds, to a place of safety. Their flock of goats is a peculiar breed, with enormous spreading horns, and is very numerous.

On learning that a party of Utes were encamped on the reservation in the Animas Valley, about ten miles below Durango, our artist and correspondent proceeded to interview them. His account is as follows: "On arriving at the camp we found Ignatio, who welcomed us very cordially. He is a large, finely formed man, about forty-five years old, and is said to be the finest-looking Indian in the Ute nation. His costume consists of a dark navy-blue suit, with narrow red binding on all of the seams, and United States Army buttons. He wears a broad-brimmed sombrero hat, around his waist a brilliantly figured Navajo Indian blanket, and on his feet the traditional moccasins. By way of decoration he had bits of buckskin, red flannel and strings of colored beads stuck about on different parts of his person. On his coat he wore several silver badges, one of which was engraved 'Chief of Indian Police.' He rides a magnificent thoroughbred cream-colored horse, of which he is very proud, and is well-armed, carrying a Winchester repeating rifle, a Colt 45-calibre revolver and plenty of ammunition. The rest of his men were similarly armed, presenting quite a formidable appearance. Ignatio speaks fair Spanish, but no English.

"In our interview with him, he informed us that all of his warriors had gone to join the White River Utes, whether he should repair as soon as he had escorted the people who were with him to a place of safety. He said that he felt friendly towards the whites, and did not want to go to war with them; but if compelled to, he would remain on the warpath until every one of his warriors were slain. On our intimating to Ignatio that we desired to make a picture of him, he demanded ten dollars for the privilege of sketching him and five dollars a piece for sketching any others of his tribe. When, declining this offer, we attempted to sketch him 'willy-nilly,' the chief dismounted from his horse, and, seating himself on the ground, placed his head between his knees in such a manner as to completely hide his face."

THE COTTON-PLANTING INTEREST.

WE give on page 272 an illustration of the opening of the recent session of the National Cotton Planters' Association—an organization which constitutes one of the strongest evidences of the South's advancement. Two years ago, at the crisis of the Southern labor problem, a few far-seeing men, recognizing the necessity of an immediate mitigation of the evil system then in vogue, banded themselves together as a planters' association, in the hope that its influence would be felt in the section where labor troubles most existed—the Mississippi Valley extending from Memphis to Baton Rouge, on the river borders of Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi. It was named the Mississippi Valley Cotton Planters' Association, and the movement became universal. Membership rapidly increased. The association established its own organ, the *Planters' Journal*, which spread its principles among the cotton-planting class. One year ago the first annual meeting was held, and the State of Alabama was added to the four States before enumerated. In that short time the planters had made immense strides towards reformation, nearly overthrowing the ruinous share system and coming down to a plain wages basis for labor. Before the recent meeting in Memphis, it was deemed expedient to nationalize the movement, and to this end the body obtained a charter under the style of "The National Cotton Planters' Association of America," and every Cotton State was admitted. At the Memphis Convention, closing on May 27th, every one of these States was represented, and the business transacted was of national importance. The claims of the Mississippi River as a great national highway were presented in the strongest light. While the united lake, ocean and river tonnage of the United States is 4,068,000 tons, the great river furnishes over 1,000,000 of the weight of vessels. The planters present these figures to Congress and the nation intelligently, and with such force that they cannot be overlooked. Next, paying attention to their own country, they find the greatest percentage paid on the total investment of \$436,908,300 is one per cent, and that prosperity on that basis is impossible.

This estimate is made on the partnership or share system between tenant and landlord. What makes the percentage so small is that the excess of consumption over production of the grain crop in every year is 286,698,632 bushels, and 4,011,150 tons of hay, or in dollars and cents, \$150,000,000, which would add that much to the capital of the South if she would only raise such supplies at home. But the cotton planter is a slave because his commission merchant will not advance him supplies on anything but a cotton crop, and at the ruinous rates of interest charged, the producer often buys a barrel of pork with a bale of cotton. This will eventually bankrupt the whole country, and it is to avert such a calamity that the sufferers have united to devise means for their redemption. By making cotton a surplus crop and raising all their home supplies they believe it can be done. To break from the clutches of the commission merchants, they invite another class of capitalists who will lend their money at reasonable interest and allow

them to plant as they please. The principles of the association are broad and non-partisan, all parties and colors composing the membership. The Memphis meeting was a success, and their proceedings, soon to be published to the world as a manifesto, will pave the way to success in all they have undertaken.

Our sketch shows the hall of the Shelby County Fair Association which, in honor of the National Cotton Planters' Association, has been re-named "Progress Hall." Opposite is the main hall of the exhibition, which, with its well-filled specimens of the resources of the South, was fitly named "Industrial Hall." The Association will next meet at the Cotton Exposition, Atlanta, Ga., in November, where a week will be specially set apart for them.

The President of the National Cotton Planters' Association of America, Hon. Frank C. Morehead, though still a young man, has a most eventful history, and his far-sighted sagacity entitles him to a much more prominent place in American history than is at present given to many national politicians. He is a born leader. Born at Frankford, Ky., September 18th, 1846, he is now in his thirty-fifth year. He comes from a family who have figured in our national history for one hundred years, and more particularly in the histories of the States of North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Kentucky. His father was Hon. Charles S. Morehead, Governor of Kentucky, who was chairman of the Peace Conference of the State, and afterwards occupied the same position in the Border States' Peace Conference at Washington at the time when the impending civil war agitated the nation. Mr. F. C. Morehead, in the Summer of 1862, joined his fortunes with those of the Confederate cavalry, organized in Kentucky under the leadership of General Humphrey Marshall. He was just from school, and not quite sixteen, and took this step against the wishes of his father, who was anxious for him to accept a scholarship in the University of Toronto. In 1863 he was, on account of ill-health, transferred to the navy on James River, receiving the appointment of midshipman, which position he held till the close of the war, being promoted past midshipman after crucial examinations. The naval battalion, of which he was a member, was transferred to shore duty, and he was made ordnance officer in charge of the works at the famous Dutch Gap Canal, where he was personally complimented by General Lee for the erection of some of the largest batteries in the service. In 1866, while occupying the position of correspondent with a New York banking-house, he was elected one of the vice-presidents of the commercial convention that met at Memphis. From it he received the appointment of commissioner to go to Europe and explain to the great cities of the Old World the advantages to be derived from a system of direct trade through Southern ports. His addresses before the Chambers of Commerce of Manchester, Liverpool and London were favorably received and universally commented upon, and his mission was a success. As a planter of large interests in Washington County, Miss., the finest cotton belt on the globe, he saw the disadvantages of the planting class, and in 1879 his ideas of reform gave life to the present powerful organization, to the head of which he has for the third time been called by acclamation, the Association knowing full well that without him the half of reform already instituted could not have been accomplished.

ANNUAL MEET OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

THE annual Meet and Convention of the League of American Wheelmen were held in Boston on Decoration Day, and was the largest gathering of friends of the bicycle ever seen in this country. Bicycling in America commenced in 1876, an English machine being exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition; but it was not until the following Fall that the sport began to attract general attention. Then the importing of English machines was made a regular business, two houses in Boston engaging in it. In 1878 one of these firms commenced the manufacture of bicycles, and their machines compare favorably with the foreign makes. Various improvements have been made since the first machines were introduced, and the bicycle has now reached a high state of excellence in manufacture. There are to-day about 8,000 bicycles in the United States; there are over 200,000 in England, all of which have been made within fifteen years. The growth of bicycling in this country had been slow but sure. During its existence of less than a year the League had obtained a membership of nearly 1,600. Considerable attention had been paid the securing of rights of wheelmen to ride in the public thoroughfares, and several mayors and many other authorities had given the opinion that bicycles may run as freely as any other vehicle.

The officers for 1880-81 are as follows: President, Charles E. Pratt, of Boston; Vice-President, Thomas K. Longstreth, of Philadelphia; Comptroller, C. K. Munroe, of New York; Corresponding Secretary, A. S. Parsons, of Cambridgeport, Mass.; Recording Secretary, J. Frank Burrill, of New York; Treasurer, Dillwyn Wistar, of Philadelphia.

The most noteworthy event in connection with the meeting was the parade. At ten o'clock the procession formed on Commonwealth Avenue, right resting on Dartmouth Street. At eleven o'clock the bugle sounded for riders to mount, and the procession, composed of 725 members, moved over the following route: Dartmouth to Beacon, to West Chester Park extension, to west side Commonwealth Avenue, to Arlington, east side Commonwealth Avenue, West Chester Park extension, to Columbus Avenue, to Chandler, Chandler to Clarendon, Columbus Avenue, West Chester Park extension, Commonwealth Avenue to Dartmouth Street. The avenues were lined with spectators, who expressed considerable surprise at the attractiveness of the spectacle. The counter marching was an interesting feature. About twenty minutes were occupied in passing a given point. At the corner of Columbus Avenue and Chandler Street the procession was reviewed by the Chief Marshal, and after the parade the seven hundred and fifty riders were grouped in front of the Natural History Building—making, by the way, a bright picture—and photographed.

In the afternoon the annual meeting of the League was held in Burnside Hall.

Tasmania.

THE beautiful Island of Tasmania, of which so little is known by Americans, is south of Victoria, and contains an area of 24,300 square miles. It was discovered in 1642 by Tasman, who named it Van Diemen's Land. In 1803 a detachment of marines and convicts went there from Sydney for the purpose of colonization, and Tasmania continued to be a penal settlement until 1853. In former times any settler, with sufficient capital to obtain a grant of land, could have any number of convicts to labor for him by feeding and clothing them. It is the great sanitarium of the colonies, and is a favorite place of resort for Victorians during the warm summer months. It has one of the finest climates in the world, and is free from the unpleasant hot winds so prevalent in Australia and southern New Zealand. The soil is very fertile, and it is the great fruit orchard for the colonies. The two largest cities in Tasmania are Launceston and Hobart (formerly Hobart Town, but changed by Act of Parliament recently). The latter is 280 miles from Melbourne, the passage across Bass Strait occupying about twenty-four hours. It is beautifully situated at the foot of Mount Wellington, and is the seat of Government. Near the town may yet be seen the ruins of courtyards and cells, once occupied by

prisoners. Launceston is 130 miles by rail from Hobart. Within a few miles of this town are rich and valuable tin mines. In 1879 the value of the tin and tin ore exported was \$1,500,000. A short visit among the Tasmanians will soon clear away the unjust prejudices many foreigners entertain, remembering the antecedents of the colony.

Iron Ore in Kentucky.

THE largest iron ore bank in the world is said to be located at Howard's Hill, Kentucky, there being more in it than there is in the celebrated Iron Mountain in Missouri, and of much finer quality, as well as having a much larger per cent. pure iron. The supply seems to be inexhaustible, as on one of the banks a well thirty-five feet deep has been sunk through ore, ninety per cent. of which is pure iron, and at the depth of thirty-five feet there is no show of any diminution in the quantity or quality of the ore, which is as good as it was at the depth of five feet from the surface. On Howard's Hill a well sunk to the depth of one hundred feet goes all the way through the very best of ore; while on Howard's Hill, on the surface of the ground, on upon the very best ore can be picked up without any delving. The bank has recently been leased by a company of Eastern capitalists.

Quick Passages by Sail and Steam.

THE steamship *Arizona*, which sails in the Gulon Line from New York to Liverpool, has made the passage between the two ports named in 7 days 23 hours and 45 minutes. The same vessel has made the trip between New York and Queenstown in 7 days 8 hours and 8 minutes. The quickest passage ever made by a sailing vessel between the United States and England was that of the ship *James Boynes*, from Boston to Liverpool, in 12 days and 6 hours. The famous voyage of the ship *Red Jacket* from New York to Liverpool was made in 13 days 1 hour and 25 minutes. The ship *Mary Whidbey*, built and owned in Baltimore, made a voyage from that port to Liverpool in 13 days and 7 hours. One of the quickest passages on record is that of the ship *Northern Light*, owned in Boston, and which made the passage from there to San Francisco in 75 days. Some quickest steamship passages have been made across the Pacific. The Occidental Company's steamer *Oceanic* has sailed from Yokohama to San Francisco in 14 days 5 hours and 45 minutes. The Pacific Mail steamship *City of Laking* has made the passage from Yokohama in 15 days and 9 hours. The steamship *City of Washington*, which like the Pacific Mail steamers, was built at Chester, Pa., has made the passage from Havana to New York in 3 days 3 hours and 21 minutes. The steamer *Saratoga*, of about the same size and build, has made the voyage from New York to Havana in 3 days 14 hours and 45 minutes.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ALL the Large Railway Companies in England have intimated their intention of sending new engines to the typical engine exhibition, to be held at Newcastle on the occasion of the Stephenson centenary.

M. Hervé-Mangon, the director of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, has established a manufacture of pottery in the large hall, in order to make the Parisian public acquainted with several of the manipulations used in the large manufactories.

Mr. Henry Soltan and Mr. J. W. Stevenson, of the China Inland Mission, have successfully made the journey from Bhamo into China, reaching I-chan-fu on the Yang-tze-kiang on March 14th. This is the first time that it has been accomplished by Europeans, and the time occupied was about four months.

The "Willem Barents," the little Polar ship which has already made three voyages to the Northern Polar Sea, has left Amsterdam for the fourth time. The crew consists of a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, H. van Broekhuizen, as captain, two other officers, a physician, a zoologist, a photographer (the Englishman, Mr. Grant), and six sailors.

A Mr. Perkins, of England, has designed an ocean steamship which, he says, on a consumption of fifty tons of coal a day of twenty-four hours, will cross from Queenstown to New York in four days, and on occasion can make forty miles an hour. The suggested steamer has two screws forward and aft, the bow screws pulling and the stern ones going ahead.

Mrs. Arthur and Aurel Krause have left Bremen to spend some time in the neighborhood of Behring Straits for the purpose of exploring and collecting, at the expense of the Bremen Geographical Society. They will visit the Chukchi Peninsula, Behring Islands and Alaska, where they will make zoological collections and carry on various scientific observations.

Dr. William James, the Harvard professor and brother of Henry James, Jr., has been giving practical talks to the students on physiology and hygiene. As to the vexed question whether alcohol is food or not the professor thinks that it takes the place of food by temporarily reducing the normal demand for it, but that "this effect is not desirable" or consistent with perfect health.

M. Janssen has found a solid basis of fact for what has commonly been ascribed to optical illusion. What is called "the new moon in the arms of the old," is a truth, as Janssen has shown by producing a photograph of the "earth-shine" on the moon when three days old. The so-called continents and "seas" of our satellite are easily perceived and pretty well defined in Janssen's achievement.

The Paris Municipal Laboratory for testing all materials having any bearing on health, and the organization of which is now quite complete, was opened to the public on March 1st. The establishment is situated at the Prefecture of Police, Quai du Marché-Neuf. The laboratory is already regarded as a success, the number of objects presented for analysis amounting in April to not less than 700, mostly wine purchased in shops, and suspected of being adulterated. The number of falsifications amounts to 80 out of 100. In every case where adulteration has been detected the results have been communicated to the competent authorities, who have prosecuted.

Acting upon the previously known fact that anesthetics, applied hypodermically, blister, electricity, the actual cautery, and other applications used for the relief of pain, all operate by irritating the terminal twigs of the sensory nerves, M. Boudet de Paris has made a series of experiments, the result of which is to convince him that local pains may be relieved by mechanical vibration applied to the parts. He used a common tuning-fork, and converts its sonorous into mechanical vibrations by means of a small button attached to the end of it. This button he applies to the end of the nerves which are affected. The vibration is produced by a small electric battery. When applied to the nerves of a healthy man, especially to a part where the nerves could be compressed against the bone, local numbness was soon felt, sometimes rapidly extending to unconsciousness. When vibrated against the skull a desire for sleep was produced. An attack of melancholy was completely dispelled by one application. Neuralgia, especially of the common form affecting the fifth set of nerves, disappears after a few moments of mechanical vibration applied to the places where the nerves issue from their bony channels.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. VAN ZANDT, professor of didactic and polemic theology at the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., is lying at the point of death.

MR. PARDON A. TILLINGHAST, a member of the Rhode Island Senate from Pawtucket, has been elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island.

MR. H. G. VENNER has presented Jefferson Davis with a full set of his (Vennor's) almanacs from the beginning. Thus does Time bring about its revenges.

SENATOR DAVID DAVIS intends to spend the greater part of the summer in California and Oregon. He goes for the sake of his health, which is far from good.

HON. H. G. BURLEIGH, of Whitehall, Vt., offers to foot the bills of a military company named in his honor, which is going to Yorktown. It will cost Mr. Burleigh \$4,000.

THE estate left by Colonel Thomas A. Scott is valued at \$4,000,000. The will contains no public gifts, Colonel Scott having himself bestowed within the past six months \$250,000 upon various public institutions.

THE Faculty of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., have decided to tender the Presidency of the University to the Rev. Dr. Cummings, who has filled the chair of Moral Philosophy at Middletown, Conn.

THE Society of the Army of the Cumberland met at Chattanooga, September 21st and 22d, and President Garfield, Secretary Lincoln, Generals Sherman, Hancock, Schofield, Polk, Augur, Cook and Grant are expected to be present.

BISHOP ELDER, of the Cincinnati diocese, has issued an official circular letter to the churches asking prayers for Archbishop J. B. Purcell, who, the letter says, is sinking rapidly at his retreat at the Ursuline Convent in Brown County, Ohio.

A CABLE dispatch from Berlin says Professor William Dwight Whitney, of Yale College, has been appointed a Foreign Knight of the Order of Merit for his scientific attainments. Professor Whitney has been decorated principally for his ability as a Sanscrit scholar.

SENATOR HOAR has purchased the rock at the base of Mount Wachusett, in Princeton, on which Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, of Lancaster, his great grandmother, was ransomed from the Indians, and has inclosed it with an iron fence. An appropriate inscription has been cut on the stone.

M. SQUIN, the Tunisian correspondent of the Paris *Telegraphe*, who was murdered recently by an Arab at Beja, took a prominent part in the Paris Commune, and, after the insurrection was put down, travelled in England, Germany and America. He returned to Paris when the amnesty was proclaimed. He lived in New York several years as a teacher and translator.

PRINCE ALESSANDRO TORLONIA, of Rome, believes in practical charity. He keeps two doctors especially to attend poor families who have a horror of hospitals; he entirely provides for 300 children, and educates 350 more; and he has established an asylum for old people and a hospital for the blind. Every day he gives 120 dishes of soup, with bread and meat, to the poor. It is said that no one has ever applied to him in vain for help.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON has been nearly fourteen years Ambassador to this country from England, but during that time has never, save on one or two occasions, and those non-political, spoken in public. Lord Lyons, during his Ambassadorial term, never spoke, having made it a rule not to do so. Lord Napier, on the other hand, who preceded Lord Lyons, was very fond of indulging in that dangerous recreation, being a very good after-dinner speaker. Sir Henry Bulwer, while in this country, also made some very happy speeches.

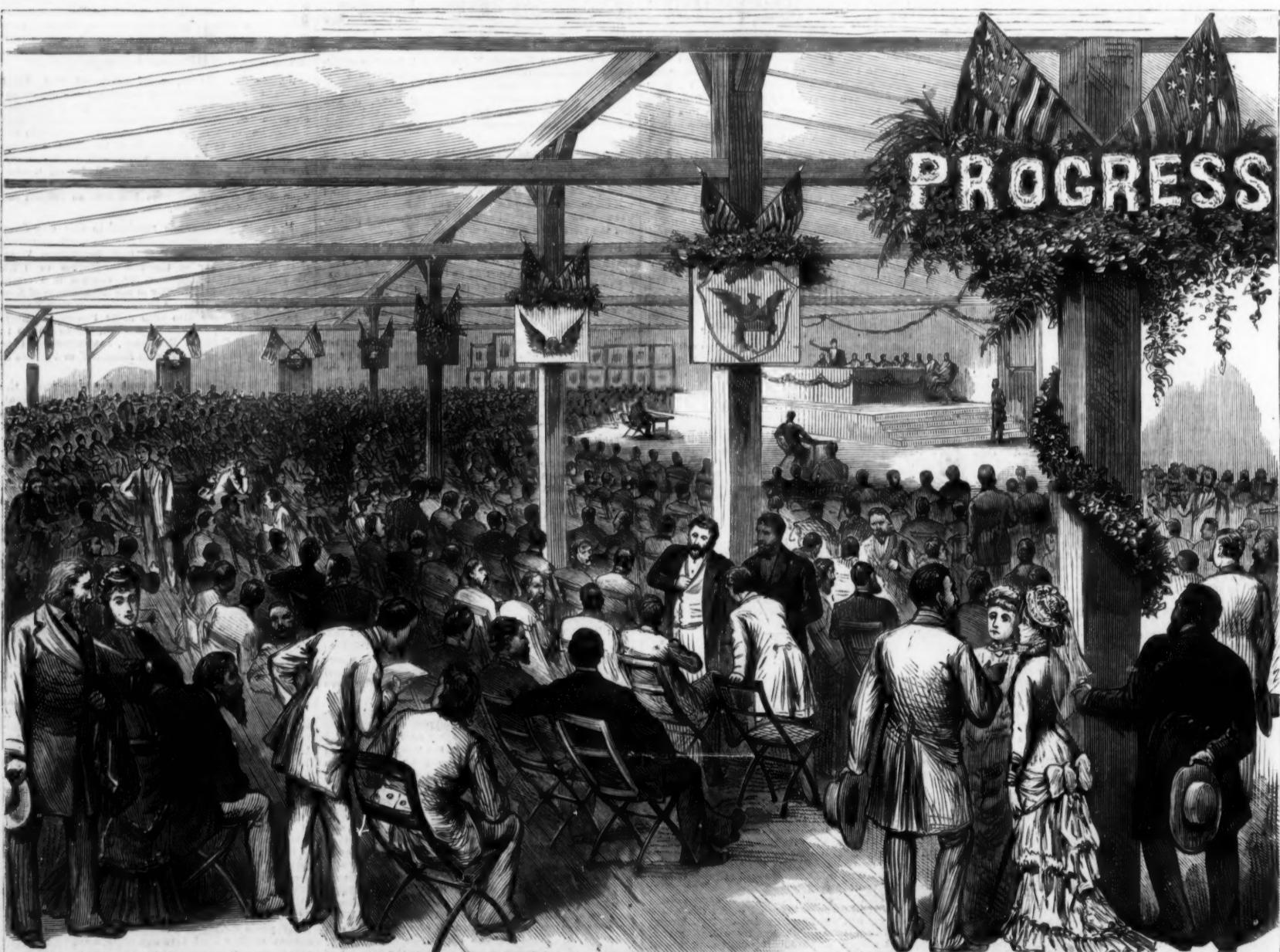
JAMES H. MARR, chief clerk of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into the Post-office Department on June 1st. His desk was decorated beautifully with flowers, and early in the day a testimonial of esteem and regard, signed by the employees of the First Assistant Postmaster-General's office, was placed in his hands. Later in the day, Postmaster-General James, General Tyner, and a number of other department officials called upon Mr. Marr and presented him with an elegant and costly gold-plated service.

PRIVATE intelligence received in this city from Rome announces that the Pope has conferred the title of Monsignor upon the Very Rev. Dr. Quinn, Vicar-General and pastor of the new Cathedral in Fifth Avenue, and upon the Rev. Dr. Thomas S. Preston, Vicar General and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York and pastor of St. Ann's Church, in East Twelfth Street. They have also been made Private Chamberlains of the Pope, and the notification, which comes to them through Cardinal McCloskey, announces that they will shortly be declared *Prelati Domestici*, or Prelates of the Pontifical Household.

At Queen Victoria's recent drawing-room, the heraldic dress, which has been so much talked about, was worn by Lady Archibald Campbell. It was the first instance since the fifteenth century of a lady appearing at a court ceremony with her heraldic cognizances forming the trimming of her dress. The dress was black velvet, with silver-gray satin train. A gibusière pocket, shaped like a shield, was emblazoned with the quarterings of the Argyll-Campbells and the Callanders of Ardkinglas and



COLORADO.—IGNATIO, CHIEF OF THE SOUTHERN UTES, ESCORTING THE WOMEN, CHILDREN AND STOCK IN THE AMIMAS VALLEY TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.
FROM A SKETCH BY J. J. REILLY.—SEE PAGE 271.



TENNESSEE.—OPENING OF THE CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL COTTON PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, AT PROGRESS HALL, MEMPHIS.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 271.



FRANK C. MOREHEAD, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COTTON PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.
FROM A PHOTO. BY BLANKS, VICKSBURG.—SEE PAGE 271.

DEDICATION OF AN ODD FELLOWS' CEMETERY.

THE Odd Fellows of Carondelet, Mo., dedicated a cemetery, purchased, laid out and set apart for the exclusive use of members of the Order, on May 30th, in the presence of a large audience. Before the procession started on the march, the lodges and encampment of Carondelet were drawn up facing a lot that has been bought for a lodge-hall, and Miss Stella Perrier, a miss of twelve and a half years, presented Carondelet Lodge, No. 114, with an elegant silk banner in behalf of the ladies of the place. After the delivery of appropriate speeches, a lengthy procession, composed of lodges and encampments of the Order, and several lodges of Knights of Pythias acting as a guard of honor, marched to the new cemetery.

At the gate a halt was made, and the guards of honor flanked each side of the road, standing with drawn swords and uncovered heads, while the Carondelet Odd Fellows entered the ground. All the societies filed around in a circle, bringing up finally in front of the speaker's stand. On the latter were assembled many prominent Odd Fellows, among them: W. H. Woodward, Grand Master; E. M. Wilkenson, Past Grand Master; Isaac M. Vetch, Past Grand Sire; C. C. Archer, Past Grand Master; T. T. Parsons, Right Worthy Grand Representative; Ira M. Stansbury, Past Grand Master; James Carr, Past Grand Representative; E. M. Sloan, Right Worthy Grand Secretary; E. Linck, Grand Inside Guardian; V. B. S. Reber, President of the South St. Louis Odd Fellows' Cemetery Association.

The combined bands discoursed an excellent air, and, as soon as perfect quiet was obtained, President Reber addressed the assemblage and presented the cemetery for dedication.

The Right Worthy Grand Master acknowledged the gift of the beautiful grounds for the purposes indicated, and briefly delivered the formal address of dedication.

Deputy Grand Master Wilkinson then, in accordance with the prescribed ritual of the Order, dedicated the cemetery to the burial of all good Odd Fellows, their families and friends, and "to no other purpose while the world stands." Throwing a handful of earth in

front of the platform, he uttered the words: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," to which all responded with a fervent Amen. The Right Worthy Grand Master strewed evergreens on the grounds, indicating by the act that the place should ever remain an Odd Fellows' burial-ground.

Rev. J. B. Jewell, of Carrollton, Mo., Grand Chaplain, then delivered the invocation, and was followed by Past Grand Sire Veitch, who made a short and appropriate address, eulogizing the noble purpose to which the grounds had been dedicated.

The two bands rendered another air, and the exercises concluded with an address in German by Past Grand Henry Hlemenz.

MRS. MARGARET HUGHES.

MRS. MARGARET HUGHES, mother of Thomas Hughes, Esq., the well-known author, and the founder of the Rugby Colony, in Morgan County, Tenn., has arrived at the new settlement with the intention of passing the remainder of her days at that place. She was born in April, 1797, and married early in life John Hughes, son of Dr. Hughes, Canon of St. Paul's. They lived for some time at Uffington, in the vale of the White Horse, Berks, where six of their children were born—George Edward, Thomas, John, Walter Scott (named after his godfather, Sir Walter Scott, an intimate friend of the family), Jane Elizabeth and William Hastings. The father then bought, and they removed to, Donnington Priory, at the other end of the county, and there their last two children were born, Henry Salusbury and Arthur Octavius. These, with Wal-



MONUMENT TO FOREMAN WILLIAM BALDWIN, BROOKLYN FIRE DEPARTMENT, AT EVERGREEN CEMETERY.



MRS. MARGARET HUGHES, MOTHER OF THOMAS HUGHES, ESQ.
FROM A PHOTO. BY W. KENT, LONDON.

ter Scott, died early in life; George died in 1872; the sister married Napau John Senior, son of the political economist, and died in 1877.

In 1853 Mr. and Mrs. Hughes removed to London, to be near their children settled there, and the father died four years later. The mother then lived for a short time at Sunbury, on the Thames, and afterwards for many years at Lavender Hill, near London, with her daughter, Mrs. Senior. Upon the death of the latter, her mother made her home with William Hastings Hughes—whose wife had died in Spain—at Chelsea. His eldest boy, William, engaged in sheep-farming in Texas in 1878, and the youngest joined him there a year later. Their father came to this country in 1879, and, with the exception of a brief trip to Spain and England, has resided here ever since, with his headquarters at Rugby.

When asked how long she intended remaining in this country, the venerable lady replied, smilingly, "Oh, I have come to stay! I have brought my books and pictures, and I mean to remain. One object I had in coming was to aid my son, Thomas, in making Rugby a success, and another to bring the daughter of my son, Hastings, to rejoin her father; but I came out with the full intention of making America my home."

Our people, who for a generation have loved the son, Thomas, for his admirable literary works, and admired him for his demonstrative friendship for the United States, and who have learned to be proud of the pluck and business qualities of his brother, William Hastings, will be delighted to accord their venerable mother the heartiest kind of a Yankee welcome.

MONUMENT TO A BRAVE FIREMAN.

WE give on this page an illustration of the monument erected by the members of the Brooklyn Fire Department, through penny subscriptions, in the firemen's plot in Evergreen Cemetery, over the grave of William Baldwin, the foreman of Engine No. 16, who was fatally injured at a fire in Bushwick Avenue, Williamsburg, a year



MISSOURI.—DEDICATION OF THE ODD FELLOWS' CEMETERY AT ST. LOUIS, MAY 30TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY WELCKER.

ago. The monument bears on its granite pedestal a life-sized figure, in white marble, of a fireman, with his right arm resting on a hydrant. Foreman Baldwin was the first member of the new department who met his death in the discharge of his duty.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH AND THE SCOTCH FREE CHURCH.

THE decision of the Assembly of the Free Church, which restored Professor Robertson Smith to his chair a year ago, was held to be a vindication of his famous article on the Bible. The publication of a new volume of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," containing an article from his pen on "Hebrew Language and Literature," gave his enemies an opportunity to return to the attack. The committee which was appointed to examine this treatise said, in a report, that they did not impute to Professor Smith the intention of assaulting the integrity and authority of Scripture, but that the statements made by him in many particulars were such as are fitted, and can scarcely fail, to produce upon the minds of readers the impression that Scripture does not present a reliable statement of truth, and that God is not the author of it.

The committee recommended the commission to take steps for making it evident that the Free Church cannot sanction the kind of teaching advanced upon in the respect which those writings would justify, and for urging the General Assembly to declare to her people and to other churches that she cannot sanction the ideas suggested by it. In his reply to this report, Professor Smith showed that its compilation revealed wonderful ignorance of the points at issue, and argued that his theology was sounder and more spiritual than that of his opponents, and accusing them of all manner of uncharitableness. The Assembly has answered his arguments by suspending him.

Professor Smith is the son of the Rev. William P. Smith, D.D., a Free Church minister at Kelg Tough, near the vale of Alford, Aberdeenshire, where the Professor was born in 1847. He was educated at Aberdeen University, where he had a most distinguished career, graduating with honors in logic, philosophy and mathematics. After leaving Aberdeen he spent several years at the Universities of Berlin, Bonn and Gottingen, his attention while there being more particularly directed to the study of the Semitic languages. Soon after returning to Scotland, and when only twenty-four years of age, he was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages and Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Aberdeen. His distinguished talents and scholarly research soon brought him into notice, and he was chosen member of the Bible Revision Committee. He was, more recently, engaged as one of the staff of contributors to the new edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"; and it is in connection with his writings on Biblical subjects to this publication that the proceedings for heresy were first taken.

Entertaining the London Poor.

An interesting movement has been established in London, and it promises to grow and extend throughout the kingdom. In London it is chiefly the outcome of the efforts of Sir Coutts Lindsay and his accomplished wife, Lady Lindsay (of Balloch), who have in many ways shown a hearty sympathy with the working-classes of the metropolis. "The People's Entertainment Society" is an organization, for weaning the workingmen in poor districts from the public-house and bar-room on Saturday nights, by giving them, free, the best class of public amusement at their own doors. For the last two or three years this work has been unostentatiously carried out, the audiences being brought together by invitation tickets, except once or twice during the season, when twenty-five cents is charged to help pay the expenses. During the Winter months a concert has been given every night in one district or another. They have been crowded, and the audiences have been formed into choral societies, the men being taught at evening classes. Mr. G. C. Bothune, a relative of Sir Coutts Lindsay, and a gentleman of means, is the president, and he devotes days and nights to the work. He is seconded by many distinguished people, and by his *bonhomie* and his frank, pleasant intercourse with the workingmen, he has done much to break down a good deal of the offensive barriers which separate the poor from the rich, the workingman from the aristocrat in the world of London. A correspondent who attended the last of the Battersea entertainments for the season says: "The audience consisted of over 600 men, some of them in their working clothes. Among them sat several distinguished gentlemen, and also the Duchess of St. Albans and Lady Harrington. The chief vocalists were two American ladies, Mrs. Osgood and Miss Hope Glenn. Lady Lindsay accompanied one of Mrs. Osgood's songs on the piano, and at a previous concert she played a solo on the violin. Mrs. Joseph Hatton recited 'The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers' in New England, and several other persons of note assisted. The audience was enthusiastic, and during the evening the men showed their gratitude in the spirit of gentlemen. Mrs. Osgood has sung to them on many occasions during the past three years. As she is going home to America soon, they presented her with a handsome gold bracelet as a *souvenir* of their admiration and esteem. The presentation was made by a workingman on behalf of his fellows; it was made in a manly speech; it was acknowledged in graceful and touching terms, and when the concert was over a crowd came round Mrs. Osgood's carriage, shouting 'Good-by' and 'godspeed.' They had previously sung the national anthem. It, as is predicted, England is to be inundated with a flood of democracy, the 'Upper Ten' could easily control it if they went down to the masses with an honest sympathy and kindly acknowledgment of brotherhood, as the great men and women do who are conducting the affairs of the People's Entertainment Society."

1881.

A CONTEMPORARY points out that the year 1881 is an arithmetical curiosity. From right to left and left to right it reads the same. Eighteen divided by 2 gives 9 as a quotient; 81 divided by 9 gives 9; if divided by 9 the quotient contains a 9; if multiplied by 9 the product contains two 9's; 1 and 8 are 9; 8 and 1 are 9; if the 18 be placed under the 81 and added the sum is 99. If the figures be added thus: 1, 8, 8, 1, it will give 18. Reading from left to right it is 18, and 18 is two-ninths of 81. It also reads the same upside down, the first year capable of being so read since 1891. Perhaps this was the reason why Mother Shipton selected this year as a convenient one for the end of the world.

Visitors to Switzerland.

SWITZERLAND was visited, according to statistics collected by the Alpine Club of Italy, by 1,400,000 tourists in 1879. Of these 700,000 came from Germany and Austria, 280,000 from England, 200,000 from France, and 60,000 from the United States. The foreign travel is estimated to pay the Swiss \$40,000,000 annually.

FUN.

NEVER run up small debts. Creditors are like children—the smaller they are the more they cry.

A YOUNG COUPLE in Iowa eloped with the consent of their parents, who liked the romance of the thing.

"OUR rooms are small," said she, "but I live in my husband." "Yes," said her friend, "I see you live in a flat."

A YANKEE little girl attempting to describe an elephant, spoke of it as "the thing what kicks up with its nose."

PROPERLY REFERRED.—"Neighbor's Pretty Daughter": "How much is this a yard?" "Draper's Son" (desperately spoons on her): "Only one kiss." "Neighbor's Pretty Daughter": "I will take three yards; grandma will pay."

A YOUTH was heard to remark to a jolly and fat Teutonian, as the circus pageant passed the City Hall: "Haven't I seen you before? Your face looks familiar." "Is it so?" said Hans. "When you get so old as me your face will look familiar, too."

"THE sentence of the court is," said Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, to a notorious drunkard, "that you be confined in jail for the longest period the law allows; and I hope you will spend your time in cursing whisky." "I will, sir; and Porter, too."

A FAMOUS surgeon advises one of his patients to undergo an operation. "Is it very severe?" asks the patient. "Not for the patient," says the doctor; "we put him to sleep; but very hard on the operator." "How so?" "We suffer terribly from anxiety. Just think, it only succeeds once in a hundred times!"

A TENANT has been dancing all night over the head of his landlord. At six in the morning the latter comes up-stairs and complains bitterly of the annoyance. "What annoyance?" asks the tenant. "Why, I haven't slept a wink all night," was the answer. "Neither have I," says the tenant; "and yet I don't make any fuss about it."

A WICKLOW magistrate said: "When I was in danger from a Kerry bull, I sat down and stared him full in the face." "How did it answer?" queried the breathless bystanders. "Excellent! The Kerry didn't offer to touch me." "Very remarkable, very curious! How do you account for it?" "Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on the top branch of a very tall tree," said the magistrate.

A YOUNG man, pale and visibly agitated, hurriedly entered a Court Street drug-store late one night last week, and, accosting the clerk, said: "Give me an ounce of chlorate of potash, will you, as quick as you can?" Observing his perturbation, the clerk ventured to ask: "What's your hurry?" "Why, I've been kissing our Sunday-school teacher since nine o'clock, and she didn't tell me till ten minutes ago that she was afraid she had the diphtheria."

THEY were bidding each other good night, the rich man's daughter and the poor man's son, when she took occasion to remark: "You say you have no expectations from your father?" "No," he answered frankly. "And all your other relatives are dead?" "All dead, darling; but don't feel gloomy on my account; I'll come round to-morrow evening and all will be bright and cheerful." "Perhaps you hadn't better come," she replied gravely, closing the door on him; "I feel as if I had a sick headache coming on, and it will be pretty bad by to-morrow night." And the next evening she engaged herself to the son of a Niagara huckman.

"LIKE A FEARFUL DREAM."

"I HAVE been so much better this summer," writes a lady who had used COMPOUND OXYGEN. "Every time I think of it I feel as if words would not express my pleasure or my thanks to you for what you have done for me. I shall never forget it. It seems like a fearful dream when I think of two years ago, I dreaded to have night come, for I knew there was no rest for me, but that I must bear the pain and sickness as well as I could until another morning, which I dreaded to see, for I was so weak it seemed as if I could not see even my own family. Sometimes I wished I could stop breathing just to get a little rest. Now it is so different. I sleep good the most of the time, and am well compared with what I was then." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases, and full information, sent free, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"HERE, you young rascal," shouted an old lady from her back-door, "where are you going with that old tin pan?" "I ain't a-goin' nowhere with it. I'm a-goin' to fix it." "Fix it? Why, it's all battered and bent up so you can't fix it." "That's just the idea. I'm goin' to pound it a little in here, and rap it a few times with a stone there, and then I can sell it for a Roman 'antique.' Don't you see how the middle of it bulges? Well, that's goin' to be a bass-relief of Marc Antony 'fore I get through with it." The boy was called in and presented with all the old baking-tins in the house to further his aesthetic and speculative taste.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE AN INVULVARIAL TONIC.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is an invaluable tonic in any case where an acid tonic is indicated. Greenfield, Ills. J. L. PRATT, M.D.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

MESSRS. RIKER & SON: CLarendon Hotel. The value of your AMERICAN FACE POWDER as a toilet requisite cannot be over-estimated. I endorse it with pleasure. Yours, sincerely,

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

IF you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANGOSTURA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

THE WIFE OF AN AMBASSADOR

recently put the following question to the daughter of one of our merchant princes at a Presidential levee: "My dear, I was told before I visited America, that your country women were not remarkable for fine teeth. I find it quite the contrary. Take your own for instance. Pray what dentifrice do you use?" "I have used SOZODONT for years and prefer it to any other," was the response. Reader, follow her example!

THE third of the new iron steamboats plying to Coney Island will be placed upon the route this week, and regular hourly service from the new and elegant landing at Pier 1, North River, established. This line possesses the "safety, speed and comfort" which will surely make it the favorite route to Coney Island.

DR. GEO. A. SCOTT is said to be the best advertiser in the English language. The secret of his phenomenal success in advertising his ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH is believed to lie in the fact that he has always made it a rule to give everybody good value for their money. Those who know the doctor and his generous impulses understand this.

WINE-MERCHANTS and druggists sell HUB PUNCH.

NOTHING equal to PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE for Sunburn, Prickly Heat, and to remove Tan. Use PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP.

FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS,
DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS,
5 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

GOVERNMENT BOND DEPARTMENT.

INVESTORS can obtain Government Bonds at our office in any sum from \$50 to the largest amount desired, at current market rates, without any expense for commissions.

We attend to all the details of registering bonds and will furnish, at request, the proper blank powers of attorney for assigning and transferring bonds and collecting interest.

We are prepared to make exchanges with National Banks of any of the different issues of Government Bonds for others, at the most favorable rates, and to effect the necessary substitutions in the Banking Department at Washington, without trouble to them.

We are at all times prepared to answer inquiries in regard to the Government Loans, and to furnish at request any accessible information respecting the National finances which our customers may desire.

Our long experience in handling Government Bonds, and our large and constant dealings, enable us to offer the best and most favorable terms to our customers. Every detail of the business is systematically arranged and has our personal supervision.

Copies of the Eighth Edition of "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds" can be had on application.

FISK & HATCH.

"USE Redding's Russia Salve."

STUTTERING cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to Simpson & Co., Box 2236, New York.

THACKERAY, during his memorable visit to America, expressed the most unbounded liking for our hotels, though himself the most conservative of Britons. We can scarcely wonder at this when measuring by the standard of the St. NICHOLAS HOTEL, of New York. This great establishment is even better than in Thackeray's day, for it has kept in the van of every modern improvement its apartments, conveniences, etc., are unsurpassed.

OUR BEST REWARD.

WINSTON, FORSYTHE CO., N. C., March 1, 1880. GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters. Very respectfully, REV. H. FERRELL.

BAY CITY, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.—I think it my duty to send you a recommend for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them.

DR. A. PRATT, Treatise of Chronic Diseases.

Send for Circulars of Testimonials, to HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO., Rochester, N. Y., Toronto, Ont., or London, Eng.

**THURBER'S
Reliable Canned Goods**

FOR THE

Hunter, the Angler, Travellers by Land or Sea, and for Luncheon and Picnic Parties.

THURBER'S RELIABLE CANNED Goods will be found just the articles required. They are packed in handy and convenient packages, and are ready for use at a moment's notice. Can be served hot or cold. The following will be found specially adapted to the requirements of the sportsman:

Thurber's Boned Turkey,

Thurber's Roast Turkey,

Thurber's Boned Chicken,

Thurber's Roast Chicken,

Thurber's Lunch Ham,

Thurber's Whole Boneless Cooked Ham,

Thurber's Lunch Tongue,

Thurber's Roasted Ox Tongue,

Thurber's Potted Meats,

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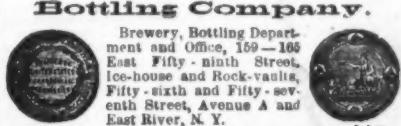
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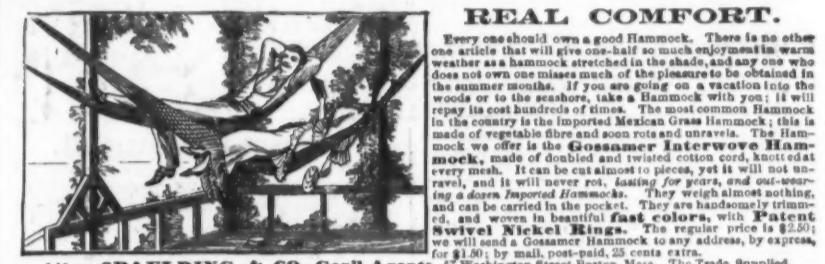
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